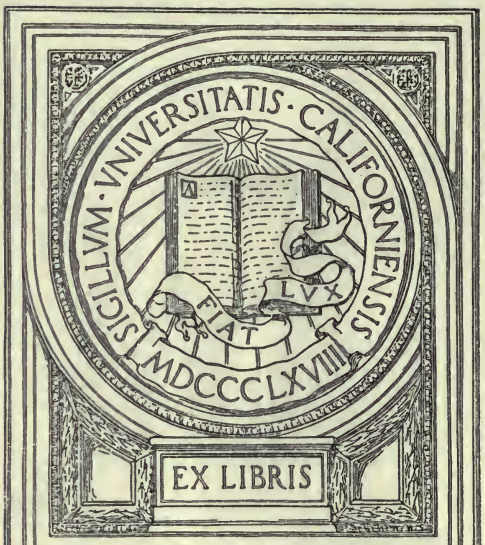
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JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

*Taken by Barraud shortly after his elevation to the Cardinalate*

# CARDINAL NEWMAN

By WILFRID MEYNELL

*WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS*
*SIXTH EDITION REVISED*

BURNS AND OATES
28 ORCHARD STREET
LONDON W
1907

BX 4705
N5 M4

TO THE VERY REV. WILLIAM LOCKHART

OF THE INSTITUTE OF CHARITY

*My dear Father Lockhart,*

*Your secession from the Anglican Church, while you were under Dr Newman's care at Littlemore, was the instant cause of his resignation of the Vicarage of St Mary's.*

*In linking your dear and honoured name with his, I am, therefore, not merely gratifying my own instinct of affection, but also recalling a passage in the history of the great Oxford Movement towards the Church of the Apostles.*

*I am, my dear Father Lockhart,*
*Always affectionately yours,*
WILFRID MEYNELL.

214656

# The Author's Preface

IN telling the story of the development of Newman's Religious Opinions, I have told it mainly as he has told it; and readers will, I think, concede to this little "Life" that it contains more of his own words, and a greater number of facts concerning himself than have otherwise been brought together in so brief a space. An unhampered use of the *Apologia* gives to the narrative not merely a present authenticity but a finality of statement never to be disturbed.

My acknowledgements are due to those by whose aid alone these pages otherwise gain authority—friends and comrades of the Cardinal: chief among them the Rev. F. S. Bowles, long the sole survivor of the three neophytes together reconciled to the Church at Littlemore. My thanks are due also to the editors of the *Contemporary Review* and the *Athenæum* for the permission to republish in this book extracts from articles I first contributed to their pages.

47 *Palace Court, London, W.*

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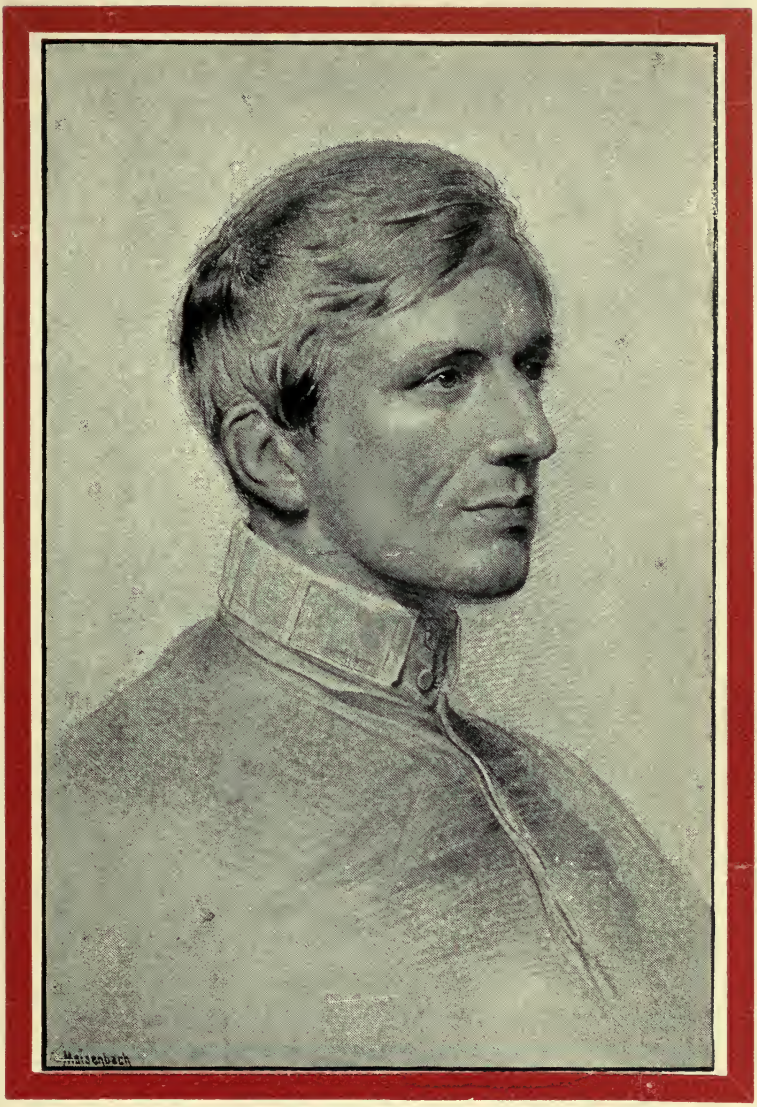

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN in 1844

*After a Drawing by George Richmond, M.A., to which the Engraver later added the Oratorian Collar*

*Front.*

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# CARDINAL NEWMAN

## I. Early Homes & Early Influences

The Cardinal's father—An unsuccessful career—"A Mother of Men"—Studious Sisters—Frank Newman and a severance—Charles Newman's failure—The training of John Henry—His Catholic intuitions—Brief homes—Travelling with preoccupations—The coming again

BANKING in mid-Victorian England is associated with philanthropy and a benign evangelicalism. Strange to say, three of the most illustrious converts to the Catholic Church in the early middle of the nineteenth century were sons of men connected with those innermost shrines of Babylon, London banks—Manning, Newman, Ward. Like bankers, brewers also, perhaps by some freak of restitutional justice, were men mostly given to good works—out of the brewery.

Cardinal Newman's father first banked, and then brewed, failing at both. It was not that he allowed his diversions, his Freemasonry, or his music, or his great scheme for the reafforesting of England, to distract him from business; the bank in Lombard Street broke during a financial crisis, and the brewery at Alton had his almost slavish exertions—to no purpose. What comfort Mr John Newman then had, he had from his son, John Henry, who was

able to give him the good news of his election to a fellowship at Oriel in 1823. Even so, when he died soon afterwards, a man disappointed in himself, he did not foresee the greatness which awaited the son who bore his name. He was a Cambridge man by birth. The family—not of German-Jewish extraction, as has been sometimes suggested—had been small proprietors of land; and it was Newman's want of "high connexions" that placed Pusey at the nominal head of the Oxford Movement.

Jemima Fourdrinier, when she married John Newman in 1799, brought her husband a small fortune, which, after the bank and brewery went, luckily remained for the family to live upon, until John Henry's earnings swelled the slender purse. Of Huguenot descent, and belonging to a family of famous paper-makers, whose plate still appears on Ludgate Hill, she was a woman of sense and piety—Calvinistically tinged. Misfortune she took resignedly; also—perhaps as itself a misfortune—her son's Catholicizing mission. This had not gone very far at the date of her death, in the spring of 1836, the Oxford Movement being then only three years old. In the church at Littlemore which Newman built, with the funds of Oriel, he placed a tablet to the memory of his mother, who died just before its consecration; and her portrait remained upon his mantelpiece in Birmingham until the end.

The six Newman children were equally divided as to sex. The names of the three girls were Harriet,

Jemima and Mary. Harriet, the eldest, married in September, 1836, the Rev. Thomas Mozley, then already the brilliant Boswell of the future Cardinal; and she herself made two appearances as the author of children's stories, *The Fairy Bower* and *The Lost Brooch*. Jemima married Mr John Mozley, of Derby, in the spring of 1836; outlived her husband; and died, still in Derby, about ten years before the death of the Cardinal. Yet another of the Mozley brothers, the Rev. Dr James Mozley, had in 1832 described his future sisters-in-law in a letter home: "The Miss Newmans are very learned persons, deeply read in ecclesiastical history, and in all the old divines, both High Church and Puritanical. Notwithstanding [notwithstanding!] they are very agreeable and unaffected." These two sisters were hero-worshippers, and John Henry was their hero. They looked after his poor at Littlemore, and they gave him what he thanked GOD for—

> A countless store
> Of eager smiles at home.

The family circle had been lessened so early as in 1828 by the death of the third and youngest girl. Of her might be used Charlotte Brontë's poignant words about Emily: "Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us." Apparently in perfect health one noon, Mary Newman by the next noon was gone.

Pusey's thoughts turned affectionately to his friend in this hour of grief, near to panic. "Every consolation," he wrote, "which a brother can have he has most richly—her whole life having been a preparation for that hour." Other "Consolations in Bereavement" Newman had, and he thus expressed them:

Death was full urgent with thee, sister dear,
And startling in his speed;
Brief pain, then languor till thy end came near—
Such was the path decreed,
The hurried road
To lead thy soul from earth to thine own God's abode.

Death wrought with thee, sweet maid, impatiently:
Yet merciful the haste
That baffles sickness;—dearest, thou didst die,
Thou wast not made to taste
Death's bitterness,
Decline's slow-wasting charm, or fever's fierce distress.

Death wrought in mystery; both complaint and cure
To human skill unknown:—
God put aside all means, to make us sure
It was His deed alone;
Lest we should lay
Reproach on our poor selves that thou wast caught away.

Death came and went:—that so thy image might
Our yearning hearts possess,
Associate with all pleasant thoughts and bright,
With youth and loveliness;
Sorrow can claim,
Mary, nor lot nor part in thy soft soothing name.

Joy of sad hearts and light of downcast eyes!
Dearest, thou art enshrined
In all thy fragrance in our memories;
For we must ever find
Bare thought of thee
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN AND HIS SISTER (AFTERWARDS MRS THOMAS MOZLEY)

*From a Chalk Drawing of the entire Newman family group by Maria Giberne*

*To face p.* 4

To both of his brothers, John Henry was able to be a benefactor, in part a father: a common *rôle* which accords to many elder brothers a little, remembered place among heroes. Francis William, only four years younger, followed him to school at Ealing, and then to Oxford, where he lived in lodgings, pursuing his studies with as much docility as was in him under John Henry's direction. Already the difference of temperament was marked, though in religion Frank was then an Evangelical, John Henry much the same. But, even then, Frank thought his brother wanting in sympathy with his Evangelical friends, so did not consult him about his own difficulties. But Frank himself! A master of style, he made his words fit his strange fancies about the Catholic religion; and John Henry, when Frank was to follow him into Orders, was deeply offended with the brother whom he had formerly invoked in such fraternal rhymes as these:

> Dear Frank, we both are summoned now,
> As champions of the LORD;
> Enrolled am I; and shortly thou
> Must buckle on the sword;
> A high employ, nor lightly given,
> To serve as messengers of heaven.

For a time they ceased to speak. This season of silence in turn passed away. The difference indeed grew greater, but with a difference—they agreed to differ. They met from time to time in after years, Frank visiting his brother at Maryvale (where spirits were high), at Rednal, and in Birmingham. Writing

to Mr Lilly in 1877, Dr Newman, as he then was, says: "The *Dublin* has a practice of always calling me *F.* Newman, whereas my brother is commonly distinguished from me by this initial, his name being Francis. I say this because, much as we love each other, neither would like to be mistaken for the other." Nor was there much fear. Francis William Newman, Arian, vegetarian, anti-vaccinationist, to whom a monastery was even as a madhouse, had an utterance too distinct in its idiosyncrasy to be any but his own: distinct in matter, as in manner, for no one has been so ungenerous a critic of his brother as he.

It remains to speak of the least spoken-of member of the family, he of whom the Rev. Thomas Mozley ventures only: "There was also another brother, not without his share in the heritage of natural gifts." Charles Robert Newman, before he was out of his teens, decided that his brothers and sisters were too religious for him; and he wrote to cousins, begging that he should no longer be thought of as a Newman: a vain desire, for only as such has he remembrance now. His mother was still alive, and she and his sisters tried to win him, but without success, from the life of self-elected loneliness. Never was a kindness denied him, however one-sided the kindnesses might be. Both his brothers, after they had been "cast off" by him, not he by them, as some have hinted, managed to put together funds for sending him to Bonn. But he came

away without even offering himself for examination, a step he explained by saying that the judges would not grant him a degree because he had given offence by his treatment of faith and morals in an essay which they called *teterrima*. This was only one of a series of aids given by John Henry and Francis, who, unlike in so much, resembled each other in their generous desires and actions towards their mother's youngest son. But in him they found, as one of them expresses it in a letter to me, only "the closest representation of an ancient cynic philosopher this nineteenth century can afford." He had vicissitudes of fortune; and fortune was never much kinder than to cede him an ushership in a country school; a post it was not in his character to keep. For the last forty years of his life, which ended in 1884, he lived at Tenby; and there, two years before he died, he had a short visit from the Cardinal. Newman, more than any other one man, made converts to the Catholic Church; but it was his strange fate not to see included a single member of his family in that chosen number.

Born in Birchin Lane in the City of London in 1801, and spending his early years within sound of the hum of traffic, John Henry Newman did not go further afield than to Ealing for his first schooling. Benjamin Disraeli, who is said to have played in the same garden at the same time as Newman, when they were both little boys and their families

were neighbours in Bloomsbury Square, wrote *Contarini Fleming* in part to prove that "nature is more powerful than education"; and we cannot imagine that school-life at Ealing could do much to mould, or even to train, though it might easily retard, the boy who in the *Apologia* gives us his own account of himself, some of it from notes written in earlier years:

"I was brought up as a child to take great delight in reading the Bible; but I had formed no religious convictions till I was fifteen. . . I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel; my fellow angels, by a playful device, concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world. Reading a sentence of Dr Watts's, [beginning] 'the Saints unknown to the World,' to the effect that there 'is nothing in their figure or countenance to distinguish them,' I supposed he spoke of angels who lived in the world, as it were disguised.*

"I was very superstitious, and, for some time previous to my 'conversion,' when I was fifteen, used constantly to cross myself on going into the

* Dr Watts gave other false impressions to youth; for one boy, when he said the lines,

> And Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees,

pictured the weakest saint seated upon Satan's knees.

dark. Of course I must have got this practice from some external source or other, but I can make no sort of conjecture whence; and certainly no one had ever spoken to me on the subject of the Catholic religion, which I knew only by name. The French master was an *émigré* priest, but he was simply made a butt, as French masters too commonly were in that day, and spoke English very imperfectly. I had once been into Warwick Street chapel with my father, who, I believe, wanted to hear some piece of music; all that I bore away from it was the recollection of a pulpit and a preacher, and a boy swinging a censer.

"When I was at Littlemore, I was looking over old copy-books of my school-days, and I found among them my first Latin verse book, and in the first page there was a device which almost took my breath away with surprise. I have the book before me now, and have just been showing it to others. I have written on the first page in my schoolboy hand: 'John H. Newman, February 11, 1811, Verse Book'; then follow my first verses. Between 'Verse' and 'Book' I have drawn the figure of a solid cross upright, and next to it is, what may indeed be meant for a necklace, but what I cannot make out to be anything else but a set of beads suspended, with a little cross attached. At this time I was not quite ten years old. I suppose I got the idea from some romance, Mrs Radcliffe's or Miss Porter's, or from some religious picture.

"When I was fourteen, I read Paine's *Tracts*

*against the Old Testament*, and found pleasure in thinking of the objections which were contained in them. Also I read some of Hume's *Essays*, and perhaps that on Miracles. Also I recollect copying out some French verses, perhaps Voltaire's, against the Immortality of the Soul, and saying to myself something like 'How dreadful, but how plausible!'

"When I was fifteen, in the autumn of 1816, a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the influence of a definite Creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma which, through GOD's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured."

Another sentiment, and no transitory one, which possessed this boy of fifteen, can be told only in his own words: "I am obliged to mention, though I do it with great reluctance, another deep imagination which about this time took possession of me—there can be no mistake about the fact—viz., that it was the will of GOD that I should lead a single life. This anticipation, which has held its ground almost continuously ever since—with the break of a month now and a month then up to 1829, and after that date without any break at all—was more or less connected in my mind with the notion that my calling in life would require such a sacrifice as celibacy involved; as, for instance, missionary work among the heathen, to which I had a great drawing for some years. It also strengthened my feeling of separation from the visible world, of which I have spoken above."

From Dr Nicholas's school Newman went straight to Trinity College, Oxford. Almost immediately afterwards the Newman family removed to Alton, where they stayed for two or three years and where during that time John Henry spent his holidays, delighting in White's *Natural History of Selborne*, a few miles away. Other holidays in those earlier years of his Oxford life he spent with the Rev. Samuel Rickards, at Ulcombe in Kent, or at Stowlangtoft near Bury St Edmunds. In 1827 he and his sisters paid a visit to Mr Wilberforce, at Highwood, one of whose four sons was already his pupil, and three of whom were to be among his followers to Rome. Holidays were his season of verse-making. At Ulcombe he wrote *Nature and Art* in 1826, and *Snapdragon* (a Trinity memory) in 1827. At Highwood he wrote *The Trance of Time*.

After settling for a short term at Strand-on-the-Green, all who were left of the Newmans at home —the mother and two girls—went, in 1829, to a cottage at Horspath, to be near John Henry; then to a cottage at Nuneham Courtney, offered to Newman by Dornford, a Fellow of Oriel and a warm friend. "In the Midlands," says Thomas Mozley, "it would have been set down as the habitation of of a family of weavers or stockingers." But it had its associations. Rousseau had stayed in it; and Nuneham was supposed to be Goldsmith's Deserted Village. From Nuneham to Rosebank Cottage, Iffley, was no great move; and it was the last the family made.

In these wanderings during the earlier 'twenties of the century the Newmans had lived at Brighton. There John Henry wrote his *Paraphrase of Isaiah, Chapter* lxiv, the second piece of his *Verses on Various Occasions*, in 1821. Six years and eight years later he visited Brighton again to see cousins, in one of whose albums he wrote lightly serious verses on each visit. At Brighton, too, after his mother and sisters had left it for the neighbourhood of Oxford, Newman landed from the memorable journey with Hurrell Froude to the South of Europe, the manuscript of *Lead, Kindly Light* in his pocket, and the conviction that "he had a work to do for England" in his heart.

To Brighton, too—but again I am anticipating—the Cardinal was to go after yet another noteworthy journey. This was on his return to England after visiting Rome in the still distant year 1879 to receive his Cardinal's hat. On this journey, too, it had seemed that he must die; but the time had not yet come, though he had done—how well, a multitude can attest—the work he felt he had to do when he set foot there nearly fifty years before. In the morning of the last Sunday in June, 1879, accompanied by Father Neville, he went to the Church of St John the Baptist, and there he assisted at High Mass —for the first time in this country as a Cardinal. But as yet the very name of Pope or Cardinal was to him anathema.

## II. Oxford and its Movement

Degree—Scholar of Trinity—The growth of religious opinions—Eternal reward and eternal punishment—"Trinity had never been unkind to me"—A Trinity Sunday in after-life—A Trinity friend—Fellow of Oriel—The first of Pusey and of Keble—Diffidences—Ordination—First publicities—"I began to be known"—The University pulpit—A group of great listeners—Profound memories—Word-portraits—A prophet's chamber—Overheard prayers

NEWMAN took his degree at Trinity College in 1820; and there he remained for three years longer in the coveted position of Scholar. In his *Loss and Gain* he tells the story of Oxford life, as it occurred to him; and it is, in part, a story of the distractions from secular learning suffered—or enjoyed—by the student, who, especially at a time of doubt and disturbance, has great spiritual problems at heart. John Henry Newman, no less than his hero, Charles Reding, when he should have been giving days and nights to his examination papers, was to be found poring over his Testament, or on his knees by his bed, or, perhaps, relieving pent-up feelings in the writing of a hymn. Despite all minor trials, however, the young undergraduate must have possessed interior peace, since he believed in his own heavenly predestination and was—both in his own life and in his century—of an age which did not deeply concern itself with the fate of others.

A book of Romaine's he had read when his teens had turned to seriousness taught him this sure hope: "I recollect," he says in the *Apologia*, "neither the title nor the contents, except one doctrine, which, of course, I do not include among those which I believe to have come from a divine source, viz., the doctrine of final perseverance. I received it at once, and believed that the inward conversion of which I was conscious (and of which I am still more certain than that I have hands and feet) would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory. I have no consciousness that this belief had any tendency whatever to lead me to be careless about pleasing God. I retained it till the age of twenty-one, when it gradually faded away; but I believe that it had some influence on my opinons, in the direction of those childish imaginations which I have already mentioned, viz., in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator; for, while I considered myself predestined to salvation, I thought others simply passed over, not predestined to eternal death. I thought only of the mercy to myself."

This doctrine he himself later labelled "detestable"; nobody, as a Catholic, prayed more fervently, perhaps more fearfully, than he for that grace of final perseverance he had once held to be mecha-

nically guaranteed. There was perhaps something of overstrung reaction from this early "assurance" in that later temper which led him to end one of his *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, "Let us look to ourselves—GOD forbid that, while we preach to others, we ourselves should become castaways!" and to declare that "the holier a man is, and the higher in the kingdom of heaven, so much the greater need has he to look carefully to his footing." And he would quote the case of his own Father, St Philip, who cried each morning, "LORD, beware of me to-day, lest I betray Thee." Yet when that Saint saw young persons, he began to consider how much time they had before them to do good in, and said, "O happy you, O happy you!"—a view of their future not at all tormented by previsions of lapses necessarily besetting the feet of those whose faces turn heavenward.

With growing years, that do not deaden, as some say, but rather extend and deepen, our sensibilities, years, too, that brought him the unbounded confidences of men and women, and close ties, Newman was able to declare that he "thought for others more than for himself." Surely that formula in itself precludes any doctrine of preferential "election." Never, after emerging from the egotism that is another name for Youth, could he contemplate a creation in which he was to win without an effort, where others, whatever their effort, were to fail. Doubtless, in a world where hereditary tendencies and the force of

untoward circumstances must often prevail, any attempt at separation between sheep and goats must seem scarce less crude and capricious than the arbitrary creed that is commonly called Calvinism. "Detestable" as Calvinism was to Newman, he did not shrink from using to the full the imagery of terror when talking of the temporal or eternal loss inflicted by sin. Say not temporal *or* eternal, but temporal and *therefore* eternal. By life's simplest rule, a day's work or pleasure, the smile of a friend, the opportunity for doing or taking a kindness, lost once, is lost for ever. Newman's belief in the granting or denial of eternal rewards dated from his sixteenth year: in the eternal happiness which itself carries an equally eternal doom for those who are denied it.

A footnote in the *Grammar of Assent* quotes Petavius as saying that the Church has never defined the eternity of punishment. Yet some have asserted that in certain sermons of an earlier date Newman descanted on the most awful of all subjects with almost a hissing pleasure. One sentence, indeed, he himself modified in its latest published version. In later years Newman claimed: "I have tried in various ways to make that truth less terrible to the reason"; and in an often-quoted letter written to one whom his sermons had made unhappy, and whom he tenderly consoled, he dwelt mystically rather than materially on that future state which, as to its conditions, he said, remained mostly

a matter of private judgement. Looking back we see that the nineteenth century undoubtedly witnessed in its sons and daughters a vast awakening from such a dream as Newman's early one of a heaven for himself, and oblivion or worse for his fellows. The mystery of final loss for finite evil remains, under varying terms—whether it be George Eliot's Comte-borrowed "consequence" or that old law of causation which modern science asserts with Herbert Spencer to be the most universal as to time or space of all laws in its application. True, Robert Louis Stevenson spurned in words that burn the "damnable creed" of his Scottish ancestry; but the analogy of mortal penalty forced on that fearless spirit the final admission that the immortal penalty may not, on mere sentiment, be denied. Peradventure the century's change from complacency to consciousness has apt illustration in the reply given, just at its close, by a Woman of Letters—of a very different type from Newman, yet, like him, a convert to the Catholic Church—Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie. When asked if she believed in the doctrine of hell, as it is sometimes popularly preached, she replied: "I believe it for myself, but for no one else." The reply struck the hearer as something far beyond one of those idle reversals of the common view—in this instance that a man is sure of his own salvation and nobody else's—upon which so many reputations for the new order of wit, "the expected unexpected," have passed into

and out of our range of vision. For the Catholic Church, which keeps before her children "the fire that is not quenched," refuses to allow this man or that to be adjudged as he whose perversity shall endure to feed it; and this the formula of Mrs Craigie enforces. We can bear the Agnostic's gibe against the Christian that his belief is "in a place of eternal torment eternally untenanted." For one afternoon of his life—great men have their moods—this gibe was accepted, when duly conditioned, by Cardinal Manning. We may at least *hope* as Universalists, he said, what we may not *believe* in the sense of teaching to others or relying upon with relaxed efforts for ourselves. "How," with stress of emotion said this great lover of God and man, "how could we endure to live through a single day if we didn't?"

As an undergraduate, Newman, always something of a hero-worshipper, meditated a pilgrimage to Aston Sandford parsonage, to "see a man whom I so deeply revered—Thomas Scott, a writer who made a deeper impression on my mind than any other, and to whom, humanly speaking, I almost owe my soul. I hardly think I could have given up the idea of this expedition even after I had taken my degree; for the news of his death in 1821 came upon me as a disappointment as well as a sorrow." These "Evangelical" masters of his early days, who were all unconsciously preparing their disciple for

ends alike out of their ken and his, he never ceased to revere. What Pusey said of the "Evangelicals" —"we loved them because they loved our Lord"— stands as their abiding charter of brotherhood in our affections. Scott, who began life as a Unitarian, "first planted deep in my mind," said Newman, a belief in the Trinity, "that fundamental truth of religion." In Scripture he found the confirmation of what Scripture, diligent reader of it as he was from boyhood, had not itself taught him: a strange commentary, when one thinks of Newman's capacity and the average illiterate child's, on Mr Birrell's system of "simple Bible teaching," and a presage of Newman's ultimate recourse to the voice of the Church.* "I made a collection of Scripture texts in proof of the doctrine [of the Trinity] with remarks, I think, of my own upon them before I was sixteen, and a few months later I drew up a series of texts in support of each verse of the Athanasian Creed."

Other books there were which influenced him in these early years, or that were to him the mirror in which he saw and fixed his own features. One was Law's *Serious Call*, which called seriously to Manning also a little later, and thus conferred a double boon which itself no longer directly confers upon the modern reader. Jones of Maryland was another of his trusted authors, another was Newton, whose treatise

* Neither was Dr Johnson a believer in "simple Bible teaching," for he took Boswell's breath away by naming the New Testament "the most difficult book in the world."

on the Prophecies persuaded him that "the Pope was the antichrist predicted by Daniel, St Paul and St John." He records, "My imagination was stained by the effects of this doctrine up to the year 1843; it had been obliterated from my reason and judgment at an earlier date; but the thought remained upon me as a sort of false conscience." In Joseph Milner's *Church History*, on the other hand, he was "nothing short of enamoured of the long extracts from St Augustine and the other Fathers."

For Trinity, the home of the first six years of his Oxford life, Newman ever retained a tender affection. There he had whatever dreams of lay life these serious spiritual preoccupations allowed him. There he modelled in clay what was afterwards matured in a life set as marble. When he left Oxford "for good," as he himself phrased it, one of his friends who came to Littlemore to say farewell was Dr Ogle, who had been his private tutor at Trinity. "In him," he says, "I took leave of my first College, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held in its foundation so many who had been kind to me both when I was a boy and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University." At distant intervals during the next thirty-two years a traveller to and from Birming-

ham looked from the railway carriage, with feelings his fellows could not have divined, at the spires of Oxford; but he did not revisit it until 1868. Trinity attracted him later again, having elected him in 1877 as Honorary Fellow. He was the hero of cheering undergraduates, and he attended the college "gaudy" in the glare of limelight, fêted for the first time in his already long life.

The feelings he all along entertained for his old haunt had been expressed ten years earlier in a letter, dated from Birmingham, Trinity Monday, 1868, and addressed to the Rev. Thomas Short, of Trinity:

"My dear Short,—It is fifty years to-day since I was elected Scholar of Trinity. And, as you had so much to do with the election, I consider you my first benefactor at Oxford. In memory of it I have been saying Mass for you this morning. I should not have ventured to write to tell you this, but, happening to mention it to William Neville, he said, 'Do write and tell him so, for I said Mass for him yesterday, being Trinity Sunday.' This letter will at least show the love we bear to you and old Trinity amid all changes. Take it as such, and believe me to be, affectionately yours—John H. Newman."

After Trinity, Oriel seemed strange to Newman, when, in 1823, it elected him to a Fellowship. "During the first years of my residence at Oriel," he himself says, "though proud of my college, I

was not quite at home there. I was very much alone, and I used often to take my daily walk by myself." On one such occasion he met Dr Copleston, then Provost, who turned round, made him a bow, and said, "Never less alone than when alone." At first he had no friend but Pusey; and even to Pusey, though Newman "could not fail to revere a soul so devoted to the cause of religion, so full of good works, so faithful in his affections," he could not open his heart—then or afterwards. Keble, too, was a Fellow of Oriel, and when Newman went to receive the congratulations of the Fellows, he bore it all until Keble took his hand; "and then," he says, "I felt so abashed and so unworthy of the honour done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground." But Keble was not in residence; and was shy of him, so Newman thought, in consequence of the marks he still bore of the Evangelical and Liberal schools. Hurrell Froude, quoting the murderer who had done one good thing in his life, boasted of himself that he had brought Newman and Keble finally "to understand each other" in 1828.

As time went on, things and thoughts wonderfully changed. By 1824 Newman took Orders and was appointed curate at St Clement's; he preached his first University sermon; became a tutor of his college and a public examiner, and wrote one or two essays which were well received. "I began to be known." And he began to know. He had for

his intimate friends Hurrell Froude and Robert Isaac Wilberforce, afterwards the fellow-archdeacon of Manning in secession to Rome. His hold on young men began. "But is he a *good* man?" mothers of sons anxiously asked, and their sisters echoed the question. The *Tracts* which all were reading were in themselves a recommendation; and the answer the young men gave was not doubtful. Newman's hold upon them was a grip of goodness; an attraction which was not of earth, at a time when an attraction of that kind in a university was unusual.

No wonder there was concern at home about a Mentor who did not confine his influence to the improvement of their morals, but pushed it into the domain of doctrine. Already he had builded deep his foundations; and stone by stone was laid on that base. One by one, doctrines the Reformers had spurned were brought into daily service; and devotions, long discarded, awoke the fervour of young men in their rooms, and gave to private oratories an air of mystery that recalled the dangers and the ecstasies of the catacombs. And the great Catholic Revivalist was learning even while he taught. From Dr Hawkins, Vicar of St Mary's, and, later, Provost of Oriel, came some of his lessons. He it was who trained Newman to weigh his words; who used to "snub me most severely on reading the first sermons that I wrote"; who lent Newman Archbishop Sumner's *Treatise on Apostolical Preaching*,

which taught him the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and who opened a new world to him by teaching him the principle of tradition. He laid down the proposition, self-evident as soon as stated to those who have at all examined the structure of Scripture, that the Sacred Text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it. Dr Whately, who was in other respects a contrary influence upon Newman's Catholic tendency, held this view too; and Whately was, besides, "the first to teach me the existence of the Church as a substantive body; next to fix in me anti-Erastian views of Church polity." It was Whately who "taught me to see with my own eyes and walk with my own feet. Not that I had not a good deal to learn from others still, but I influenced them as well as they me, and co-operated rather than merely concurred with them."

From the Rev. William James, then Fellow of Oriel, Newman acquired "the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession in the course of a walk, I think, round Christ Church meadow." And the reading of Bishop Butler's *Analogy* was an era in his religious history, with its picture of a visible Church, the oracle of Truth; its exposition of the historical character of revelation; its tendency to favour "the theory to which I was inclined as a boy, namely, the unreality of material phenomena"; and its formula that probability is the guide of life—which Newman afterwards turned to good

service in the *Grammar of Assent*, and wherever else he developed the idea of the logical cogency of Faith.

What Newman learned from Butler, Keble confirmed. The *Christian Year* was published in 1827; and, long afterwards, when Newman sought to label the effect made upon him by "the music of a school long unknown in England," and by "religious teaching, so deep, so pure, so beautiful," he concludes that his two chief gains were a closer drawing to the Sacramental system and the dispelling of any general discounting of the certainty of things which might follow in some minds on the acceptance of Butler's bow to probability. If this were to be allowed, then the saying, "O GOD, if there be a GOD, save my soul, if I have a soul!" would be the highest measure of devotion. "I considered," says Newman, "that Mr Keble met this difficulty by assigning the firmness of assent which we give to religious doctrine, not to the probabilities which introduced it, but to the living power of faith and love which accepted it. Faith and love are directed towards an Object; in the vision of that Object they live; it is that Object, received in faith and love, which renders it reasonable to take probability as sufficient for internal conviction. Thus the agreement about probability, in the matter of religion, becomes an argument from personality, which in fact is one form of the argument from authority. In illustration, Mr Keble used to quote the words of

the Psalm, 'I will guide thee with Mine eye. Be not like to horse and mule, which have no understanding, whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle.' Friends do not ask for literal commands; from their knowledge of the speaker they understand his half-words, and from love of him they anticipate his wishes." But this view of the matter, though sympathetically received by Newman, did not satisfy him. "It was beautiful and religious," he says, "but it did not even profess to be logical; and accordingly I tried to complete it with considerations of my own which are implied in my *University Sermons*, *Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles* and *Essay on Development of Doctrine*. My argument is in outline as follows: that that absolute certitude which we were able to possess, whether as to the truths of natural theology, or as to the fact of a revelation, was the result of an *assemblage* of concurring and converging probabilities, and that, both according to the constitution of the human mind and the will of its Maker, that certainty was a habit of mind, that certainty was a quality of propositions; that probabilities which did not reach to logical certainty might create a mental certitude; that the certitude thus created might equal in measure and strength the certitude which was created by the strictest scientific demonstration; and that to have such certitude might, in given cases and to given individuals, be a plain duty, though not to others in other circumstances." Considerations such as these threw a new

light, as Newman saw it, on the whole question of miracles.

One other strong influence, psychologically the most interesting of all, in the development of Newman's apostolate, was that supplied by Hurrell Froude, elder brother of the historian. Newman's character-sketch lives in the pages of the *Apologia;* the Hurrell Froude of the seven years preceding his death in 1836 was still vividly remembered by Newman in 1864 for the "gentleness and tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free, elastic force and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient, winning considerateness in discussion, which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart. I speak of Hurrell Froude as a man of high genius, brimful and overflowing with ideas and views, in him original. And he had an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. Dying prematurely, as he did, and in the conflict and transition state of opinion, his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusion. His opinions arrested and influenced me, even when they did not gain my assent. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome and his hatred of the Reformers. He delighted in the notion of an hierarchical system, of sacerdotal power and of full ecclesiastical liberty. He felt scorn of the maxim, 'The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants,' and he gloried in accepting tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching. He had

a high, severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of virginity; and he considered the Blessed Virgin its great pattern. He delighted in thinking of the saints; he had a keen appreciation of the idea of sanctity, its possibilities and its heights; and he was more than inclined to believe a large amount of miraculous interference as occurring in the Early and Middle Ages. He embraced the principle of penance and mortification. He had a deep devotion to the Real Presence."

When Newman adds of Hurrell Froude that he was "an Englishman to the backbone," he shows that already he had outgrown the idea that England is of its essence Protestant, and that a man is less a patriot, in any true sense of a now bastardized and commercialized word, because he takes his creed from Palestine by Peter's way of Rome rather than by Luther's way of Worms. Rossetti wittily said, after reading some early West London School Board debates, that there seemed to be "a Hammersmith God"; and it may be said that Froude was among the first of that Oxford day to discover there was not a distinctively British one. Newman had to thank him for being the great loosener of those prejudices that, planted in childhood, become almost part of the very fabric of faith. Fascinating as this influence was on one who was so ready to receive it, Newman recognized its limitations. In advance of his leader, he went to the Fathers; and, in the Long Vacation of 1828, he set about to study them chronologi-

cally from St Ignatius and St Justin. From Bishop Bull he had already learned the rule that antiquity was the true exponent of the text of Christianity; and when, on the suggestion of Mr Hugh Rose and Dean Lyall, he set to work on the Council of Nicæa, he found, in writing the history of the Arians, he was face to face with that doctrine of the authority of the Chair of Peter denied by Arians once, and again by Anglicans.

Perhaps over and above all these doctrines to which his intellect was sometimes receptive in advance of his heart, and sometimes his heart in advance of his intellect, was another which he does not enumerate. What occurs to us as we record this development of doctrine in him is its arbitrariness. A chance meeting with a man, an almost equally fortuitous turning over the pages of a book, and the face of Religion changes for him. It seems as though he was left to take up a Truth as one might take up a piece of cake, because somebody happened to hand it to him at afternoon tea. He took a walk round Christ Church Meadows with Mr James, and came back, not, as many would, with the loss of a glove, but having picked up the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession. Of course, the ground was laid that took the seed; and the bare record of the sowing gives no clue to the long and painful process of the fertilizing and final reaping. Nevertheless, the opportunity given to him was, by mere force of circumstances, denied to others, with less

receptiveness—itself the property of genius; men of minor understandings, with neither time to take the lesson nor teachers to impart it. Yet Truth is the universal right of man, and, for its satisfaction, demands the Universal Teacher. John Henry Newman, painfully, fearfully, and by roads most feet would miss or falter in, arrived at conclusions which are brought home to the babes and sucklings of the Catholic Church. Deep in his consciousness must his own experience have fixed for him the need of a guide; the need which was leading him already, though he knew it not, to the very threshold of the Church.

It was in the company of Hurrell Froude, from whom he learned, and learned to unlearn, so much, that Newman started out on the most memorable and destiny-revealing journey of his life:

"We set out in December, 1832. It was during this expedition that my verses which are in the *Lyra Apostolica* were written: a few indeed before it, but not more than one or two of them after it. Exchanging, as I was, definite lectorial labours, and the literary quiet and pleasant friendships of the last six years, for foreign countries and an unknown future, I naturally was led to think that some inward changes, as well as some large course of action, was coming upon me. At Whitchurch, while waiting for the down mail to Falmouth, I wrote the verses about my Guardian Angel, which begin with these words: "Are these the tracks of some unearthly Friend?"

and go on to speak of "the vision" which haunted me: that vision is more or less brought out in the whole series of these compositions.

"I went to various coasts of the Mediterranean; parted with my friends at Rome; went down for the second time to Sicily at the end of April, and got back to England by Palermo in the early part of July. The strangeness of foreign life threw me back into myself; I found pleasures in historical sites and beautiful scenes, not in men and manners. We kept clear of Catholics throughout our tour. I had a conversation with the Dean of Malta, a most pleasant man, lately dead; but it was about the Fathers, and the library of the great church. I knew the Abbate Santini, at Rome, who did no more than copy for me the Gregorian tones. Froude and I made two calls upon Monsignore (now Cardinal) Wiseman at the Collegio Inglese, shortly before we left Rome. I do not recollect being in a room with any other ecclesiastics except a priest at Castro-Giovanni in Sicily, who called on me when I was ill, and with whom I wished to hold a controversy. As to Church services, we attended the Tenebræ, at the Sistine, for the sake of the *Miserere*, and that was all. My general feeling was, 'All save the spirit of man is divine.' I saw nothing that was not external; of the hidden life of Catholics I knew nothing. I was still more driven back into myself, and felt my isolation. England was in my thoughts solely, and the news from England came rarely and imperfectly. The Bill

for the Suppression of the Irish Sees was in progress, and filled my mind. I had fierce thoughts against the Liberals.

"It was the success of the Liberal cause which fretted me inwardly. I became fierce against its instruments and its manifestations. A French vessel was at Algiers; I would not even look at the tricolour. On my return, though forced to stop a day at Paris, I kept indoors the whole time, and all that I saw of that beautiful city was what I saw from the diligence. The Bishop of London had already sounded me as to my filling one of the Whitehall preacherships, which he had just then put on a new footing; but I was indignant at the line which he was taking, and from my steamer I had sent home a letter declining the appointment by anticipation, should it be offered to me. At this time I was specially annoyed with Dr Arnold, though it did not last into later years. Some one, I think, asked in conversation at Rome, whether a certain interpretation of Scripture was Christian. It was answered that Dr Arnold took it; I interposed, 'But is *he* a Christian?' The subject went out of my head at once; when afterwards I was taxed with it, I could say no more in explanation, than that I thought I must have been alluding to some free views of Dr Arnold about the Old Testament. I thought I must have meant, 'But who is to answer for Arnold?' It was at Rome too that we began the *Lyra Apostolica*, which appeared monthly in the *British Magazine*. The motto shows

the feeling of both Froude and myself at the time: we borrowed from M. Bunsen a Homer, and Froude chose the words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says, 'You shall know the difference, now that I am back again.'

"Especially when I was left by myself, the thought came upon me that deliverance is wrought, not by the many but by the few, not by bodies but by persons. Now it was, I think, that I repeated to myself the words, which had ever been dear to me from my school days, 'Exoriare aliquis!' now too, that Southey's beautiful poem of *Thalaba*, for which I had an immense liking, came forcibly to my mind. I began to think that I had a mission. There are sentences of my letters to my friends to this effect, if they are not destroyed. When we took leave of Monsignor Wiseman, he had courteously expressed a wish that we might make a second visit to Rome; I said with great gravity, 'We have a work to do in England.' I went down at once to Sicily and the presentiment grew stronger. I struck into the middle of the island, and fell ill of a fever at Leonforte. My servant thought that I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them as he wished; but I said, 'I shall not die.' I repeated, 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light.' I never have been able to make out at all what I meant.

"I got to Castro-Giovanni, and was laid up there for nearly three weeks. Towards the end of May I

set off for Palermo, taking three days for the journey. Before starting from my inn in the morning of May 26 or 27, I sat down on my bed and began to sob bitterly. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer, 'I have a work to do in England.'

"I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. I knew nothing of the presence of the Blessed Sacrament there. At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that I wrote the lines, *Lead, Kindly Light*, which have since become well known. I was writing verses the whole time of my passage. At length I got to Marseilles, and set off for England. The fatigue of travelling was too much for me, and I was laid up for several days at Lyons. At last I got off again, and did not stop night or day till I reached England and my mother's house. My brother had arrived from Persia only a few hours before. This was on the Tuesday. The following Sunday, July 14, Mr Keble preached the assize sermon in the University pulpit. It was published under the title of 'National Apostasy.' I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833."

In 1828 Newman had become Vicar of St Mary

the Virgin, a post involving no change of residence. Though it was primarily a parochial church, "gown" soon vied with "town" in attendance. And it was from this pulpit as much as from the desk at which he wrote or edited the *Tracts for the Times* that Newman now carried out his great dream of work for England. He had for his listeners the future clergy of the Church of England of all schools, and not these only. In no other case quite so much expert and other testimony has been given to the power of spoken words—as regards both the words themselves and the way they were spoken. That other great figure in the history of the revival of the Church in England supplies a fitting first witness; for Cardinal Manning recalled, after a lapse of sixty years, being led captive by the "form and voice and penetrating words at Evensong in the University church," where having once seen and heard Newman, he "never willingly failed to be." Dean Stanley—no name follows Manning's as more of a contrast—agreed in this: "There are hardly any passages in English literature," he says, "which have exceeded in beauty the description of music in his University Sermons; the description of the sorrows of human life in his sermon on the Pool of Bethesda; the description of Elijah on Mount Horeb; or, again, in the *Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations*, the arrival of St Peter as a missionary in Rome; the description of Dives as the example of the self-indulgent voluptuary; the

account of the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, and of the growth in the belief in the Assumption of the Virgin Mary."

Principal Shairp too put into words the thoughts of many hearts when he said: "On those calm Sunday afternoons he was heard preaching from the pulpit of St Mary's, 'as if the angels and the dead were his audience.' That voice it was that thrilled young hearts—that living presence that drew to itself whatever there was in Oxford that was noble in purpose, or high and chivalrous in devotion." "No one," says Mr James Anthony Froude, "who heard his sermons in those days can forget them. They were seldom directly theological. Newman, taking some Scripture character for a text, spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in the room. They appeared to me to be the outcome of continued meditation upon his fellow-creatures and their position in the world, their awful responsibilities, the mystery of their nature, strangely mixed of good and evil, of strength and weakness. A tone, not of fear, but of infinite pity, ran through them all."

And one, at least, was there, with the distraction of a student of the mechanism of oratory: "Now, Dr Newman's manner in the pulpit," says Gladstone, "was one about which, if you consider it in its sepa-

rate parts, you would arrive at very unsatisfactory conclusions. There was not very much change in the inflexion of the voice; action there was none. His sermons were read, and his eyes were always bent on his book, and all that, you will say, is against efficiency in preaching. Yes, but you take the man as a whole, and there was a stamp and a seal upon him; there was a solemn sweetness and music in the tone; there was a completeness in the figure, taken together with the tone and with the manner, which made even his delivery singularly attractive."

It was in St Mary's, above all, that men learned how to bear great names greatly. Lord Coleridge then founded the opinion expressed in later years: "Raphael is said to have thanked God that he had lived in the days of Michael Angelo; there are scores of men I know, there are hundreds and thousands I believe, who thank God that they have lived in the days of John Henry Newman." The voice is silent for ever now; but the printed words remain; and these in bare type retain their hold. Mr R. H. Hutton confessed that the *University Sermons* and other works had "fascinated" him ever since he was eighteen or nineteen; and he added: "I have often said that, if it were ever my hard lot to suffer solitary confinement, and I were given my choice of books, and were limited to one or two, I should prefer some of Dr Newman's to Shakspeare himself."

The little incident, that proved so large a one—young William Lockhart's secession—brought Newman down from that pulpit in 1843, two years before his own escape from "the City of Confusion." "It was," says Principal Shairp, "as when to one kneeling by night, in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still." To Newman it was something more real than that—it was the beginning of the great Renunciation.

"The young, the ardent and the sentimental" of the early 'forties, whom Henry Rogers pilloried in the *Edinburgh*, made themselves felt—and felt as *Edinburgh* reviewers even—before many years were over. Some became Catholics, others manned the Anglican Church. Rival Cabinet Ministers might be seen sitting under the same Tractarian shepherd in Mayfair. A Dean of St Paul's and a Lord Chief Justice ranked it as a highest honour to be the hosts of Cardinal Newman, even after his secession. Dean Church was one of that immense body of actual contemporaries or immediate juniors who came under Newman's personal influence, and who, later, spread the principles which transformed the Anglican communion. In one sense the *Guardian*, which Dean Church controlled, expressed bare truth when, at the time of Newman's death, it named him "the founder of the Anglican Church as it now is," and said: "Great as his services have been to the communion in which he died, they are as nothing

by the side of those he rendered to the communion in which the most eventful years of his life were spent. He will be mourned by many in the Roman Church; but their sorrow will be less than ours, because they have not the same paramount reason to be grateful to him." Nay; not in admiration for his mind, nor in reverence for his character, nor in personal devotion yielded him even by strangers, can those to whom he came be outstripped by those whom he left. His life was divided with a strange equality of time between the two communions; for he lived in each for half of it almost to a month. And if he actually changed the face of the Anglican Church, he at least left an impress on the other.

The young generation does not associate the name of Newman with horses or vintages; but it is Mr Froude, I think, who somewhere refers to him as the trusted wine-taster of his College; and to his love for horse exercise there are many allusions in Mr Mozley's *Reminiscences*. In his earlier Oriel days he rode a good deal. Besides taking his chance of the Oxford hacks, Newman had for some time a pretty but dangerous animal, Klepper, brought over from Ireland by Lord Abercorn, then at Christ Church. "One little matter of self-imposed duty, arising out of a painful occasion, will," says Mr Mozley, "be remembered by all who ever accompanied Newman in a country walk." Newman and Dornford were riding to Littlemore when they en-

countered a cart, and saw the carter jump down, to be caught between the wheel and the milestone, and be killed on the spot. The shock on Dornford was such that he was seriously ill for two months. The result in Newman's case was a solemn vow that whenever he met a carter driving without reins, or sitting on the shaft, he would make him get down; and this he never failed to do. Several years after, Mozley and Newman were walking on the same road. There came rattling on two newly-painted wagons, drawn by splendid teams, and with several men in the wagons, but no one on foot. Newman had no choice; he was bound by his vow, and he compelled the men to come down. But when out of sight, the men got into the wagon again, and one fell out and was killed.

Other examples of the Cardinal's habits of self-discipline during this time are on record. He never passed a day without writing a Latin sentence, either a translation or an original composition, before he had done his morning's work. Frequently, when on the point of leaving his room for an afternoon walk, he asked a friend to stay a minute or two while he was writing his daily sentence. Then, too, he wrote and laid by a complete history of every serious question in which he was concerned, such as that of the college tuition. He did the same with every book he read and every subject he inquired into. He drew up a summary or an analysis of the matter, or of his own views upon it. Mr Mozley's

A SKETCH FROM ST MARY'S

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further outlining of his brother-in-law at this period companions well enough the "Sketch from St Mary's," from the pencil of an undergraduate:

"Newman did not carry his head aloft or make the best use of his height. He did not stoop, but he had a slight bend forwards, owing perhaps to the rapidity of his movements, and to his always talking while he was walking. His gait was that of a man upon serious business bent, and not on a promenade. There was no pride in his port or defiance in his eye. Though it was impossible to see him without interest and something more, he disappointed those who had known him only by name. They who saw for the first time the man whom some warm admirer had described in terms above common eulogy, found him so little like the great Oxford don or future pillar of the Church that they said he might pass for a Wesleyan minister. John Wesley must have been a much more imposing figure. Robust and ruddy sons of the Church looked on him with condescending pity as a poor fellow whose excessive sympathy, restless energy and general unfitness for this practical world would soon wreck him. Thin, pale, and with large lustrous eyes ever piercing through this vale of men and things, he hardly seemed made for this world. His dress—it became almost the badge of his followers—was the long-tailed coat, not always very new. Newman, however, never studied his 'get-up,' or even thought of it. He had other uses for his income

which in these days would have been thought poverty. Newman walked quick, and, with a congenial companion, talked incessantly. George Ryder said of him that when his mouth was shut, it looked as if it could never open; and when it was open, it looked as if it never could shut."

James Anthony Froude's description is, as might be supposed, brilliantly but misleadingly picturesque: "He was above middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose, were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. In both men there was an original force of character, which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose."

Newman's rooms at Oriel, on the first floor near the chapel, communicated with what was no better than a large closet, overlighted with an immense bay-window over the chapel door. It had been a lumber-room; but "Newman fitted it up as a prophet's chamber," says Mozley, "and there, night after night, in the Long Vacation of 1835, offered up prayers for himself and the Church. Returning to college late one night, I found that, even in the gateway, I could not only hear the voice of prayer,

but could even distinguish words." Strangers coming to Oxford, and seeking out the abode of the man who was "moving the Church of England to its foundations," were surprised to find him in simple undergraduate's lodgings. In the rooms above lived William Froude, Hurrell's younger brother, who was to be Brunel's helper in laying out the Bristol and Exeter Railway, and who was to make for himself a more difficult spiritual way to Rome. While Newman was praying, William Froude was making laughing-gas and staining his window-sills with sulphuric acid. From 1837 to 1840, Mozley records: "Newman had no college office or work, and was seldom seen in Hall; but he gave receptions every Tuesday evening in the Common Room, largely attended by both college and out-college men."

Newman's friendships, though formed and governed under exacting and unusual conditions, were extraordinarily tender. Such friendships among men were less common when the Oxford Movement began than they have since become; and the present generation, if it owed nothing else to the *Newmania* (as Bishop Hampden called it), would have reason to be grateful for this infusion of tenderness into the relations of man with man. The sentiment expressed, to George Eliot's great admiration, in the closing passage of the *Apologia*, appears and reappears elsewhere—in Newman's method of addressing Dr Church, Dean of St Paul's—"*Carissime*";

in his sudden outbreak where, on hearing of the death of Hurrell Froude, he throws aside in one epithet the conventional eighteenth-century stiffness which ruled nearly all his poems, and exclaims:

> *Dearest!* he longs to speak, as I to know,
> And yet we both refrain;
> It were not good: a little doubt below,
> And all will soon be plain.

Newman's young men improved on their model. Faber, who had a greater exuberance of both feeling and expression, wrote to Lord John Manners:

> Thou walkest with a glory round thy brow,
> Like saints in pictures, radiant in the blaze
> And splendour of thy boyhood, mingling now
> With the bold bearing of a man, that plays
> In eyes, which do with such sweet skill express
> Thy soul's hereditary gentleness.

That male eyes had "sweet skill," or that men had eyes at all worth observing by men, came as a surprise, if not as a shock, to many; and Faber himself, writing to some one who expostulated with him, says: "Strong expressions towards male friends are matters of taste. I feel what they express to me. B. thinks a revival of chivalry in male friendships a characteristic of the rising generation, and a hopeful one." "B.," whoever he was, was right. The shyness which made an Englishman ashamed to embrace even his father arose from times when wine-parties and a common interest in the heredity of dogs and horses were the most sacred links between men. The Oxford Movement helped to estab-

FATHER LOCKHART

*Whose conversion led to Newman's resignation of the Vicarage of St Mary the Virgin, Oxford*

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lish different relations—of mutual confidence, mutual affection, mutual respect.

Though we now reach the second step in Newman's great Renunciation, his withdrawal from the University and the city, he did not formally resign his Fellowship until the crucial October of 1845.

# III. Littlemore and Conversion

Search for seclusion—Cloister, cells and crucifix—Disciples—Hard fasting—The first to go—Curiosity—Father Dominic's advent—The Reconciliation—Primitive confession—Final farewells

NEWMAN had too many distractions at Oriel to be able to give full time and thought to the serious religious problems that now craved a settlement from him. Littlemore, which lies two or three miles to the south of Oxford, towards London, he had always loved. The parish was a hamlet of St Mary the Virgin; and for many years Newman walked thither from Oxford two or three times a week. Since he had built a little church there, the sound of the stone-mason's hammer had not been heard, and he could find nothing better for his new residence than a disused range of stabling at the corner of two roads.

Nothing could be more unpromising; but Newman said it was enough, and his handy-man was there to help in the work of reconstruction—Thomas Mozley, that master builder also of words, whose *Reminiscences* again and again supply colour to the inevitable patchwork of these memoirs. Newman made known his needs. There must be a library, some "cells," and a cloister; the chapel was to be for future consideration. The library was to be the common workroom, and each cell was to con-

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THE "MONASTERY," LITTLEMORE

tain a sitting-room, say twelve feet by nine feet, a bedroom six feet by six feet; the height of both to be nine or ten feet. Newman bought nine acres which he proposed to plant with firs, and on which he could build, bit by bit, as money came and men. He expressed only one sentimental wish to the reconstructor—that he might be able to see from his own cell window the ruins of the Mynchery—a convent dating from Saxon times, inhabited of old by generations of Benedictine nuns, and dedicated to "Our Lady of Littlemore." Newman's decision, as he paced the cloister, or knelt before the crucifix (for he had ceased to be superstitiously afraid of crucifixes), or studied the Fathers, now was that he could go on in the University pulpit only if he was allowed to hold by the Catholic interpretation of the Anglican Articles set forth in Tract XC. He would relapse into lay life in the Church of England rather than join the Church of Rome, "while she suffered honours to be paid to the Blessed Virgin and the saints, which I thought in my conscience to be inincompatible with the supreme, incommunicable glory of the One, Infinite and Eternal." He desired a union between the Churches on conditions; and Littlemore was his *Torres Vedras*, where he and his followers might advance again within the Anglican Church, as they had been forced to retire. Finally, he felt that he must keep back with all his might intending seceders to Rome. Everything indicated that he came to the village to stay—not

to make it, as it turned out to be, his home for only five or six years.

When all was done, the place still looked, outside, what it had always been—a range of stabling. But these were not the times for "externals"; and the cells were soon filled with men all in living earnest about "the interior life." "They were most of them," says Newman, "keenly religious men, with a true concern for their souls as the first matter of all, with a great zeal for me, but giving little certainty at the time as to which way they would ultimately turn. Some in the event have remained firm to Anglicanism, some have become Catholics, and some have found a refuge in Liberalism." Of the latter, one name comes to mind on the moment. Mark Pattison had his habitation in a sort of community house established on apostolic principles by Pusey in Oxford itself; and he was a guest, not a resident, when he stayed at Littlemore. What attracted the future Rector of Lincoln College to Tractarianism was "the interest it excited in the young in all religious practices and exercises, and in many religious questions which had been matters of indifference." Newman somewhere says that his old friends were distressed to see him surrounded in the early 'forties by "younger men of a cast of mind in no small degree uncongenial to my own." Some of this was raw material certainly, and so remained. In after life Mark Pattison wrote: "I am astonished to see what hours I wasted over religious books

at a time when I ought to have been devoting every moment to preparation for the Oriel examination." Of a piece with this are the reasons he gives for not joining the Catholic Church: "I must have been enveloped in the catastrophe of 1845, as were so many of those with whom I lived, but for two saving circumstances. One of these was my devotion to study. In 1843 Radford offered me a tutorship of the college. My classics had got sadly rusty. I immediately set resolutely to work and made good my lost ground. I think it was chiefly owing to this that, when the crash came in 1845, I did not follow Newman." Later on, in his *Memoirs*, Mark Pattison, feeling perhaps that everything still remained to be said on this subject, gave another version: "In dealing with the students I became aware that I was the possessor of a magnetic influence which soon gave me a moral ascendancy in the college. In this fact, which was very slowly making itself felt, lies the true secret of my not having followed Newman." When some one compiles that strangest of all collections of inadequacies —a volume of men's "Reasons why they did *not* join the Church of Rome"—Mark Pattison's will still remain with Keble's among the most perplexing.

Mark Pattison kept a diary during a fortnight's visit to Newman at the close of September, 1843, and these are some of the entries showing what manner of life the men of Littlemore led:

"Newman kinder, but not perfectly so.* Vespers at eight. Compline at nine. How low, mean, selfish, my mind has been to-day; all my good deeds vanished; grovelling, sensual, animalist; I am not, indeed, worthy to come under this roof!

"Sunday, October 1.—St John called me at 5.30, and at six went to Matins, which, with half Lauds and Prime, takes about an hour and a half; afterwards returned to my room and prayed, with some effect, I think. Tierce at 9, and at 11 to church—Communion. More attentive and devout than I have been for some time; 37 communicants. Returned and had breakfast. Had some discomfort at waiting for food so long. Walked up and down with St John in the garden; Newman afterwards joined us; and at three to church; then Nones. Some unknown benefactor sent a goose. Talk of some Rosminian nuns coming to England;† though an Order, and under the three vows, they do not renounce possessions in the world. They aim to embrace the whole Church. The Jesuits always and everywhere opposed and despised; St Ignatius prayed for this; Wiseman opposed the Jesuits at Rome, and does so here; proof of his sincerity.

* Mark Pattison, in his self-torturing sensitiveness, had supposed, "Up to 1838 the only sentiment Newman can have entertained towards me was one of antipathy."

† The future Rosminian, William Lockhart, was *not* at the dinner-table. He had gone on pilgrimage to the shrine of St Gilbert of Sempringham, and on that journey joined the Catholic Church.

Vespers at eight, Compline at nine. Very sleepy, and went to bed at ten.

"October 3.—Lockhart's mother much distressed. Probably at the separation, more than at the conversion, which she must have expected some time.

"October 4.—N—— mentioned to me having just received the account of a lady who, having in conversation declared she thought the Church of Rome the true Church, had been refused the Communion by her minister, he telling her in so many words to go to Rome.

"October 5.—Coffin came to-day to stay. How uncomfortable have I made myself all this evening by a childish fancy that once got into my head—a weak jealousy of N——'s good opinion! Oh, my God, take from me this petty pride! Coffin more subdued and less thoughtless than usual."

This wayward introduction of the name of Coffin will surprise those afterwards acquainted with the ascetic Provincial of the English Redemptorists, who took on himself, when at the end of his life, the burden of the Bishopric of Southwark. Other men of Littlemore, belonging to the group who became Catholics, were Frederick S. Bowles, later an Oratorian, and, at the end of a long and unobtrusive life, chaplain to the Dominican nuns at Harrow; John Bernard Dalgairns, afterwards a London Oratorian, a man of whom Mozley felt sure "he might have taken his place among the

most popular and instructive writers of the age, and become a household word in England"; "dear Ambrose St John," the "link between the old life and the new," who was to live with Newman as a fellow-priest at the Birmingham Oratory, and to lie with him in one grave at Rednal; Albany Christie, a Jesuit *in petto*, who was studying medicine in London with as many interludes at Littlemore as he could get; Bridges, of Merton, whose brother George, and whose cousin Matthew, became Catholics; Richard Stanton, afterwards an Oratorian in London; and Lockhart, the first to go.

If Lockhart's mother was distressed,* his master was so too. Speaking of his young men, and of this young man, Newman said: "Their friends besought me to quiet them if I could. Some of them came to live with me at Littlemore. They were laymen or in the place of laymen. I kept some of them back for several years from being received into the Catholic Church. The immediate cause of my resigning St Mary's was the unexpected conversion of one of them." Lockhart, after confessing to Newman one day, had asked: "But are you sure you have the power of absolution?" "Why will you ask me that question?" replied Newman; "ask Pusey." But Lockhart did not trouble Pusey with his question. He went to Father Gentili, whom he had lately met with the De Lisles at Ward's rooms

* She shared her son's happiness in becoming a Catholic a little later.

in Oxford; and at the end of a three days' Retreat was a Catholic and a postulant with the Rosminians. Rosmini's *Maxims of Perfection* had been given to him four years earlier by a friend, afterwards famous as Sir William White, Ambassador at Constantinople; and one of the counsels on which he opened in a moment of hesitation decided him there and then that his duty was to submit to the Catholic Church, despite the promise Newman had extorted from him to linger for three years longer.

Father Lockhart, looking back at those days, said in a lecture delivered in St Etheldreda's, Ely Place, just after Newman's death: "In speaking of Cardinal Newman and his work, he should necessarily speak of himself, though he spoke of himself only as a type of the ordinary young Oxford man who came under the great Cardinal's influence. The first thing that Newman did for those under his care was to root in their hearts and minds a personal conviction of the living God. And he for one could say he never had had that feeling of God before he was brought into contact with Cardinal Newman. Who that had experience of it could forget Newman's majestic countenance—the meekness, the humility, the purity of a virgin heart 'in work and will,' a purity that was expressed in his eyes, his kindness, the sweetness of his voice, his winning smile, his caressing way, which had in it nothing of softness, but you felt was a communication to you of strength from a strong soul."

Newman was naturally very sore when Lockhart left him. Why should the young and inexperienced venture when the veteran hesitates?—it is the constantly recurring question. But almost the first thing he did when, two years later, he became a Catholic, was to pay Lockhart a visit—surely one of the happiest of mortal reunions.

After preaching his last sermon as an Anglican in September, 1843, Newman remained two years longer at Littlemore—making sure that he was not doing anything in a hurry. "It is," he says, "because the bishops still go on charging against me, though I have quite given up: it is that secret misgiving of heart which tells me that they do well, for I have neither lot nor part with them; this it is which weighs me down." And he adds a smaller grief, but to him a real grievance: "I cannot walk into or out of my house, but curious eyes are upon me. Why will you not let me die in peace? Wounded brutes creep into some hole to die in, and no one grudges it them. Let me alone, I shall not trouble you long."

There was more curiosity than true care about "the monastery" and "the vicar," as its head was commonly called. One day, when he entered the house, he found it invaded by undergraduates. Heads of Houses walked their horses round the poor cottages; Doctors of Divinity dived into the recesses of that private tenement uninvited. When the Warden of Wadham, a flourishing Evangelical, knocked

one day at the door, Newman opened it himself; nothing so human as a housemaid entered its portals, and the inmates took the duty of door-opening for a week by turns. "May I see the monastery?" insinuated the visitor. "We have no monasteries here," replied Newman, and closed the door in his face. Newspapers had their paragraphs, inviting episcopal attention. So the Bishop of Oxford writes, a little timidly, to ask what it all means: is there really an intention to found—he can hardly bring himself to write the naughty word which even Archdeacon Farrar and the Evangelicals were soon to get glibly at the tongue's end—an Anglican monastery? Newman replies, "For many years, at least thirteen, I have wished to give myself to a life of greater religious regularity than I have hitherto led; but it is very unpleasant to confess such a wish even to my bishop. I feel it very cruel, though the parties in fault do not know what they are doing, that very sacred matters between me and my conscience are made a matter of public talk. As to the quotation from the newspaper, the 'cloisters' are my shed connecting the cottages. I do not understand what 'cells of dormitories' means. Of course, I can repeat your Lordship's words that 'I am not attempting a revival of the monastic Orders in anything approaching the Romanist sense of the term.'"

Rumours flew about Newman's greying head. It was whispered that he "was already in the service of the enemy"—had already been received into the

Catholic Church. On the other hand, among Catholics there were murmurs—could he know so much and yet in good faith remain? What a rebuke it seemed when, at the end of all, Bishop Clifford, of Clifton, recalled such rash judgements in the presence of the coffin containing all that was mortal of him! That the resignation of St Mary's gave him a new sense of freedom is implied by the letter he wrote in April, 1845, six months before his conversion, to Cardinal Wiseman, then Vicar-Apostolic, who had accused him of past coldness in his conduct towards him: "I was at that time in charge of a ministerial office in the English Church, with persons entrusted to me, and a bishop to obey; how could I write otherwise than I did without violating sacred obligations? . . . If you knew me, you would acquit me, I think, of having ever felt towards your Lordship in an unfriendly spirit, or ever having had a shadow on my mind of what might be called controversial rivalry, or desire of getting the better, or fear lest the world should think I had got the worst, or irritation of any kind. And now in like manner, pray believe, though I cannot explain it to you, that I am encompassed with responsibilities so great and so various as utterly to overcome me unless I have mercy from Him who, all through my life, has sustained and guided me, and to whom I can now submit myself, though men of all parties are thinking evil of me."

The story of the life at Littlemore has to be yet

entirely told; and it would be impossible to gleam from Newman's scanty allusions in the *Apologia* any idea of its primitive austerities and observances. Lent was a season of real penance for the inmates of the monastery. They had nothing to eat each day till five, and then the solitary meal was of salt fish. No wonder Dr Wootten, the Tractarian doctor, told them they must all die in a few years if things went on so; no wonder Dalgairns had a serious illness, after which relaxations were made. A breakfast of bread-and-butter and tea was taken at noon, the monks standing up at a board—a real board, erected in the improvised refectory, and called in undertones by the fastidious Old Adam left in them a "trough." The "chapel" was hardly more pretentious than the dining-room. At one end stood a large crucifix, bought at Lima by Mr Crawley, a merchant living at Littlemore. It was what was called "very pronounced"—with the all but barbaric realism of Spanish religious art. A table supported the base; and on the table were two candles lighted at prayer-time by Newman himself; and necessary, for Newman had veiled the window and walls with his favourite red hangings. Of an altar there was no pretence; the village church at Littlemore being Newman's own during the first years of his residence. A board ran up the centre of the chapel, and in a row on either side stood the disciples for the recitation of Divine Office; "the Vicar" standing by himself a little apart. The Days and

Hours of the Catholic Church were duly kept; and the only alterations made in the Office was that the saints were invoked with a modification of Newman's making—the *Ora pro nobis* being changed in recitation to *Oret.*

Among the visitors to Littlemore, the year before *the* visit, was Father Dominic himself. He came, passing through Oxford, and presented himself at Newman's door as one watching with keen interest Anglican development in Christian doctrine. "A *little more* grace was needed!" he said. An Italian, new to the language, was permitted the pun. Newman took him to Littlemore church; and there the Father fell on his knees, doubtless to pray for the happy issue of these strange workings of divine grace in the heart of Oxford—in the heart of the very flower of the University which Protestantism had appropriated, and fenced in, and planted about.*

If on the night of October 8, 1845, any dons or proctors were prying round the "monastery" (even Newman could not persist in calling it a "parsonage-house" after he had ceased to be the parson), they must have seen a strange sight—a

*Father Dawson, O.M.I., told me he felt a little strange when, years afterwards, he found himself impelled to kneel in the same place. He did not know he was but doing what Father Dominic had done. And Mr F. W. Grey, a grandson given by the great Lord Grey to the Faith, writes, "Silently we knelt in the deserted temple and prayed that its Lord and Master, banished for 300 years, might quickly return to it again."

"monk" indeed! Father Dominic, the Passionist, was that night to reach the consummation of those hopes he had held almost from the days when he watched his sheep on the Apennines: those hopes that he might get to northern Europe and preach to Protestantism the full Gospel of CHRIST. The years passed, and the shepherd lad found himself a priest, and was sent to England—and to Aston in Staffordshire. And now Dalgairns, who had already been received by Father Dominic at Aston, and who had returned to find "the Vicar" at the last gasp of Anglicanism, and Ambrose St John also reconciled to the Church by Monsignor Brindle at Prior Park, suggested that the Passionist should again visit Littlemore. He came, dripping wet from his journey through torrents of rain. "Remember the guard, sir," petitioned the streaming guard as the passenger alighted from the coach outside the "Mitre." "Yes," said the Father, much edified, "I *will* remember you in my Mass." Newman knelt before him. The Father bade the neophyte rise, "conscious," says one of his friends, "of a great miracle of grace."

Father Dominic, after spending some hours in Newman's "cell," visited Bowles and Stanton (a young clergyman, formerly of Brasenose, who had resigned his living to come to Littlemore), both to be received with Newman. The padre's bow to the Pietà—it was a German coloured print—as he entered Bowles's room, was a part of his pious

simplicity. Newman said of him he had met no one in whom so much simplicity combined with so much shrewdness—a common Italian type which he must have encountered often enough afterwards. "My dear brother," Father Dominic began to Bowles, "I am surprised that you should dwell in a Church which has no ideas." What followed is hardly remembered now; but need for controversy there was none. The watering and the planting and the grafting (a great deal of that) had been done: now came the harvesting.

One little incident may be recorded as almost comic. On the evening before their reception into the Church, Father Dominic went into the chapel with the catechumens and recited Office with them. But when they came to the record of how St Denis, after his martyrdom, put his head under his arm and walked about, Father Dominic cried, "Stop," and skipped it over. He thought such legends might be a difficulty to beginners. But he did not know his men; for who was more familiar with miracles and the authority assigned to them than the author of those *Essays* which had made Macaulay exclaim, "The times require a Middleton"?*

* Four years later, when the Oratorian Series of *Saints' Lives* began to be published, the convert editors found themselves discountenanced in their love of legend by old Catholics; and the series was temporarily stopped by Newman after it had been accused, in *Dolman's Magazine*, of reducing hagiology to a string of "unmeaning puerilities." Newman himself hinted afterwards that he had been led into extravagances by "younger men."

The three neophytes, when they entered the curious chapel for their reception, stood in a line together. Function there was none; and Ritualism hid her head. The bowl of baptism was of domestic, not of ecclesiastical, pattern; and all else was of a piece.

Then Father Dominic gave a little address, saying his *Nunc dimittis*. Dalgairns and St John went into Oxford, to the primitive Catholic chapel—St Clement's—and borrowed from the old priest, Father Newsham, an altar-stone and vestments, so that Father Dominic might say Mass the next morning for the first and only time at Littlemore. At that Mass the neophytes received their First Communion. The fervour of Father Dominic, when he made his thanksgiving, greatly impressed the converts, who had not been accustomed in Anglicanism to witness emotion in public prayer.

Oakeley, one of Newman's young disciples, who subsequently exchanged the Anglican ministry for the Catholic priesthood, tells the tale of the day after: "It was a memorable day, that 9th of October, 1845. The rain came down in torrents, bringing with it the first heavy instalment of autumn's sear and yellow leaves. The wind, like a spent giant, howled forth the expiring notes of its equinoctial fury. The superstitious might have said that the very elements were on the side of Anglicanism—so copiously did they weep, so piteously bemoan the approaching departure of its great re-

presentative. The bell which swung visibly in the turret of the little Gothic church at Littlemore gave that day the usual notice of morning and afternoon prayers; but it came to the ear in that buoyant, bouncing tone which is usual in a high wind, and sounded like a knell rather than a summons. The monastery was more than usually sombre and still. Egress and ingress there were none that day; for it had been given out, among friends accustomed to visit there, that Mr Newman 'wished to remain quiet.' One of these friends who resided in the neighbourhood, had been used to attend the evening 'Office' in the oratory of the house, but he was forbidden to come 'for two or three days, for reasons which would be explained later.' The ninth of the month passed off without producing any satisfaction to the general curiosity. All that transpired was that a remarkable-looking man, evidently a foreigner and shabbily dressed in black, had asked his way to Mr Newman's on the day but one before; and the rumour was that he was a Catholic priest. In the course of a day or two the friend before mentioned was readmitted to the evening Office, and found that a change had come over it. The Latin was pronounced for the first time in the Roman way, and the antiphons of our Lady, which up to that day had always been omitted, came out in their proper place. The friend in question would have asked the reason of these changes, but it was forbidden to speak to any of

the community after night prayers. Very soon the mystery was cleared up by Mr Newman and his companions appearing at Mass in the public chapel at Oxford."

Father Dominic left at the end of a three days' visit. As he went back to Oxford, he must have recalled a passage in the life of the founder of the Passionists, St Paul of the Cross. It tells how he fell into a trance, at the end of which he was asked what vision he had seen, and answered, "Oh, the wonderful works of my children in England!" Confessor and penitent met once again at Maryvale. But the Passionist had done his work. In 1849 he was travelling by rail, with one companion, when his mortal illness seized him, and he died upon the platform of Reading station, blessing England with his latest breath. By some chance—little knowing they were fulfilling the holy man's prayer that he might, like his LORD, die in desolation—the people who were near, and who might have helped him, feared some infection, held aloof and refused shelter to his corse. Thus died this lover of our country, the humble apostle who reconciled to the Catholic Church him whom her Head afterwards named "the Light of England."

For four months after his conversion Newman remained at Littlemore. It was a strange period. The converts went down daily to Oxford to Mass —regarded, one cannot say as "lions," rather as donkeys. They took the path through the fields to

escape the public gaze. There is a fine church in Oxford now, and there are Jesuits to man it. But the old St Clement's was almost comic in its insufficiencies. One announcement made on Sunday was: "Confessions will be heard on Saturday afternoon in the arbour." The arbour in some way communicated with the school-room; and a penitent of the party repairing thither, feeling all the first shyness of a never anything but shy proceeding, found an unexpected embarrassment. Just as the critical moment came, he heard the young barbarians stop their play to listen. "Hush," said the leader, "he's going to begin." There was at least the precedent of the early Church, when confession was publicly made. Father Newsham walked over to Littlemore, and during his call was perpetually breaking out into ripples of laughter. Newman was a little sore about it. "What did he find so funny about us?" he asked, when the visitor went. The reassuring truth leaked out: the good priest was so overjoyed, he could not contain himself. At last grace had done its work, and he had as his parishioner at St Clement's the great Mr Newman of St Mary's. Other visitors came, among them the Provincial of the Jesuits with a proposition. The Society in Malta had a work in hand, and would the converts help in it?—an apostolate in Timbuctoo! Then came partings, the severest that ever voluntarily were; with Mr Pattison and Mr Lewis, one of whom followed Newman to Rome

at leisure, and Mr Church, afterwards Dean of St Paul's. "You may think how lonely I am. We are leaving Littlemore, and it is like going on the open sea."*

Twenty-two years later (the story is given on the authority and almost in the words of Mr Wilfrid Wilberforce, a son of Henry, Newman's great friend), a groom in the employ of the aforesaid Mr Crawley, to whom Newman sold his acres when he left, noticed two men standing near the lych-gate of Littlemore Church. One, the elder, wore a long overcoat, and his hat was drawn over his face as if to conceal his features. He was crying bitterly, and seemed to be in great distress. The groom instantly came to the conclusion that it was none other than Newman, and hastened with the news to his master, who was ill in bed. Mr Crawley bade him go again to the church to make certain. The two men were in the churchyard, and, on the question being asked, "Are you a friend of Mr Crawley?" Newman, for it was he, again burst into tears. "Mr Crawley wishes to see you, sir," said the groom, "but he is too ill to leave his room; will you please to come

* In the *Apologia*, written nearly twenty years later, the Cardinal speaks of spending the last two days at Littlemore "simply by myself"—a slip of memory. Father Bowles informs me that he himself was there till the end; and into his room Newman came each evening and fell asleep in his chair, worn out with the day's packing. On their last night in Oxford, Newman slept "at my dear friend's, Mr Johnson's, at the Observatory," as also did Father Bowles. "But then," Father Bowles added, "I am nobody."

and see him?" "Oh no, oh no!" exclaimed Newman. His companion, Father Ambrose St John, tried again to persuade him, but he only repeated earnestly "Oh no!" At length Father St John told the groom to carry back word to his master that Dr Newman would come presently; and Dr Newman did.

# IV. Rome and the Habit of St Philip

Idea of a lay life—At Oscott—At Maryvale—Five vans of books—Studies and Ordination in Rome—"We are to be Oratorians"—Return to Maryvale—Joined by Faber—At Cotton Hall—A call to London—The choice of Birmingham—The Achilli trial—A prisoner—A house in a slum—Cholera duty at Bilston—Literary and other labour

AT first Newman had talked of "secular employment"; but Bishop Wiseman knew him better. The neophyte came to Oscott, near Birmingham, to be confirmed by the Bishop on November 1, 1845, together with Oakeley, who had been received into the Church by Father Newsham at Oxford, and Mr Walker, a great friend of Stanton, and, like him, a young ex-clergyman, late of Brasenose, and afterwards a Catholic priest.

When Sir Bourchier Wray became a Catholic, at the age of eighty, he said with a smile that his conversion could not be assigned to the hot impetuosity of youth. Newman had a sensitive temperament; he had "the gift of tears," and shed them on many occasions; and that was enough to let loose the term "hysteria" upon him. Let those who can, discover signs of it in the following cool retrospect, written twenty years later: "From the time that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. In saying this I do not mean to say that my mind

has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects; but that I have had no changes to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment. I never have had one doubt. I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any difference of thought or of temper from what I had before. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of revelation or of more self-command; I had not more fervour; but it was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption."

While at Oscott, Newman was taken by Wiseman to see a building, then used as a boys' school, near to the college and belonging to it. "Bring your friends here," said Wiseman, "and carry on your studies for the priesthood, with the help of our professors at Oscott." Newman accepted the house, and called it "Maryvale." Thither he went, accompanied by Bowles, inside the coach from Oxford, on Monday, February 23, 1846. Stanton and St John had gone before to prepare the house, being clever in such arrangements; and Newman's own furniture and books—especially books—were on the road in five enormous vans.

The chief work at Maryvale was the passing through the press of the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, a book for which those who see in all natural facts but the symbols of spiritual truths found unexpected confirmation in the subsequent

revelations of Darwin. Of this *Essay*, which supplies a key to unlock many a door of the Future, otherwise barricaded by the *débris* of the Past, Newman, in a letter from Maryvale, wrote as to certain objectors: "It does not pretend to be a dogmatic work. It is an external philosophical view—as in Paley's *Evidences* our LORD is spoken of as 'a young Jewish peasant.' So the way in which the book approaches the Catholic Church is by phenomena, which phenomena, when we get inside the Church, do not turn out always to be the full measure of the truth. I say in the book that the phenomena of Catholic history, the visible growth of doctrine, may be accounted for by a certain theory. If, on further and truer examination, it be discovered that there be not so much growth, then that theory is so far not needed. The question of more or less does not affect the pretensions of the theory. Only two objections can be made to the theory—that it is a dangerous one, or that it is perfectly superfluous or inadmissible, there being no growth of doctrine at all. I never met with anyone who had read the Fathers who maintained there was no growth of doctrine, though they may account for it on other theories. The only question then is, Is the theory dangerous? Mr Brownson says that it is, and that is a very fair objection. But to say that, as is sometimes said, I have mis-stated this or that particular doctrine, or overlooked this or that passage of the Fathers, though very necessary to notice, lest a dogma should

be compromised, yet to my book itself, as a philosophical argument, not a dogmatic treatise, is in my opinion no objection at all. Again, I think it very possible that my theory may require some modification, though I don't mean that I am aware of it. It is an attempt to give the laws under which implicit faith becomes explicit—this is the very subject of the book."*

After a few months at Maryvale, Newman went to Rome, pausing here and there upon the way. The *Univers* of September 20, 1846, published the following communication from Langres: "The presence of the Rev. J. H. Newman in our city has

* The importance which thoughtful Catholics at once attached to this work as a real contribution to theological science may be gathered from a passage in one of Lord Acton's letters to Simpson: "I might have Gibbon or Grote by heart, I should yet have no real original scientific knowledge of Roman or Grecian history. So, in theology, I might know profoundly all the books written by divines since the Council of Trent, but I should be no theologian unless I studied painfully, and in the sources, the genesis and growth of the doctrines of the Church. That is why I said Newman's essay on St Cyril, which on a minute point was original and progressive, was a bit of theology, which all the works of Faber, Morris, Ward and Dalgairns will never be. It is the absence of scientific method and of original learning in nearly all of even our best writers that makes it impossible for me to be really interested in their writings. They are to be classed with Formby's *Bible History* rather than with Newman's Essay [on Development] or Möhler's *Symbolik*. Altogether this is almost an unknown idea amongst us in England. Everything else has only a momentary passing importance. . . Science is valueless unless pursued without regard to consequences or to application—only what the Germans call a *subjective* safeguard is required. Our studies want to be pursued with chastity like mathematics. This, at least, is my profession of faith."

excited no less interest than it did at Paris. His simplicity and modesty charmed every one who had the advantage of an admission to his presence. Our venerable Bishop received him with the affection and cordiality of a brother. The marks of sympathy of which this learned writer was the object have spoken to him of the happiness which Catholics experience in counting him among their brethren. What admirable men are these Oxford converts! God has not without purpose chosen instruments so fitted to accomplish His great designs. Mr Newman and Mr St John go from Langres to Besançon. They will travel through Switzerland to Milan, where they remain till they have learnt Italian* before proceeding to Rome."

At Besançon the Archbishop, of whom Newman remarked that he had "the reputation and the carriage of a very saintly man," said, "What you want in England is a strong Bishop"; and Newman, who thought things went a little too easily, agreed. The arrival in Rome was recorded by the Roman correspondent of the *Daily News*, which had started, under Dickens's editorship, on the very day following Newman's departure from Oxford, and luckily this Roman correspondent was no other than "Father Prout": "On the evening of October 28 Mr Newman, accompanied by Mr Ambrose St John,

* Newman had learnt some Italian before his tour with Hurrell Froude in 1833, but it was obliterated from his memory during his fever in Sicily; and he afterwards corresponded with his landlord there in Latin.

entered the Eternal City. Next morning the ex-Anglican proselyte's first impulse was to pay his homage at the Tomb of the Apostles, when, as chance would have it, Pius IX was in the act of realizing Scott's ballad—

> The Pope he was saying his High, High Mass
> All at St Peter's shrine.

Their interview occurred in the crypt or subterranean sanctuary, the oldest portion of the basilica. It would appear that the inundations of Upper Italy opposed serious obstacles to the progress of the Oxford pilgrims, and that at one passage the cart which bore them, drawn by oxen, was well-nigh swallowed up by the rush of many waters. Safe from these semi-apostolic 'perils of the flood,' they are now engaged, under the guidance of the most intelligent of their countrymen and co-religionists, in a brief survey of whatever is most remarkable here; and in a few days Mr Newman, late of Oxford, and his companions will take possession of chambers in the College of Propaganda, and enter on a preparatory course previous to re-ordination in the Church of Rome."

Newman received Holy Orders at the hands of Cardinal Franzoni, and in 1847 he announced in a letter from Rome to Mr Hope-Scott the important plans already made: "We are to be Oratorians: Monsignor Brunelli went to the Pope about it the day before yesterday—my birthday. The Pope took

up the plan most warmly. He wishes us to come here, as many as can, form a house under an experienced Oratorian Father, go through a novitiate and return. I suppose we shall set up in Birmingham."

On the journey from Rome to England a visit was paid to Monte Cassino; and in the visitors' book at that high place of St Benedict may still be seen this entry: "O Sancti Montis Cassinensis, unde Anglia nostra olim saluberrimos Catholicæ doctrinæ rivos hausit, orate pro nobis jam ex hæresi in pristinum vigorem expergiscentibus.—J. H. Newman. September 6, 1847."

By the end of 1847 he was back in London, which he reached on Christmas Eve. He went to Bishop Wiseman, who had now settled in Golden Square as Administrator of the London District; and all at once a great development of his plans opened out. It happened in this wise. Frederick Faber, the rector of Elton, who had called himself Newman's "acolyte" at Oxford, and who had been detained in Anglicanism by Newman's influential persuasions to patience, did not wait many days, once he heard of Newman's submission to the Church, to follow it by his own. Then he drifted to Birmingham, where Father Moore at St Chad's had received many of the Oxford converts; and he had already formed himself and the friends who came with him from Elton into a sort of community in a Birming-

ham slum, when Newman first came to Maryvale. Faber's offer there and then to place himself and his companions under Newman was declined; and, before long, Faber found himself and his fellows established at Cotton Hall, near Alton, by the Earl of Shrewsbury, who bought for him a piece of land to build upon beside the Catholic church at Cheadle. Here the "Brothers of the Will of God," or "Wilfridians," grew and prospered for eighteen months, until the time came, in Advent, 1847, when Faber should proceed to London to take the community vows before Bishop Wiseman. Arriving in Golden Square, he found, with Wiseman, Father Stanton, just arrived from Rome—the first wearer of the Oratorian habit in England. "Why not combine?" said Wiseman, a thought which had already taken possession of Father Faber. Why not? The question was repeated to Father Newman, who arrived shortly afterwards, and to whom Faber paid a visit at Maryvale, in January, 1848, when all details were defined.

Next month Father Newman, with Fathers Stanton and St John, visited Cotton Hall, and formally received Faber and his Wilfridians into the rule of St Philip Neri. Writing a few days afterwards, Faber said: "Father Superior has now left us, all in our Philippine habits, with turn-down collars, like so many good boys brought in after dinner. In the solemn admission, he gave us a most wonderful address, full of those marvellous pauses. He showed

how, in his case and ours, St Philip seemed to have laid hands upon us, whether we would or not. I hardly know what to do with myself for very happiness."

To Maryvale Faber went, with Newman for his novice-master; but he returned to Cotton Hall almost immediately; and his novitiate ending by Dispensation in July, 1848, he became novice-master there to the new Community. In the month of October in that year all the Fathers from Maryvale joined their brethren at Cotton Hall, at the instance of Bishop Wiseman. The Community were now forty in number, flourishing exceedingly. The ceremonies of the Church were carefully carried out, and Father Faber had already made some two hundred converts in the neighbourhood. Several lay friends came to live around; and Lord Arundel, Mr David Lewis, Mrs and Miss Bowden, may be called the nursing fathers and mothers of the infant congregation. Before this time a site in Bayswater had been offered to the Oratorians, by whom, however, it was declined, and it was afterwards to be the site of the church of the Oblate Fathers of St Charles Borromeo and the home, for a season, of Henry Edward Manning.

But no one had forgotten that for the town, and not for the country, was St Philip's rule designed; and now Bishop Wiseman wrote to Father Newman asking him to come to London to found an Oratory there. Newman had already thought of

Birmingham, and to the Pope had mentioned Birmingham as the place for his foundation. This, in Newman's opinion, was sufficient to allege as a reason for declining Bishop Wiseman's invitation. Great events have certainly been controlled everywhere by little incidents seemingly beneath the notice of pompous records: the "Go it, Ned!" scrawled in the corner of that despatch of the Duke of Clarence's which decided the Battle of Navarino, but is not found in the Blue Books; the chance wound which led Ignatius of Loyola to take up the Lives of the Saints; the passing of Gibbon when Vespers were being sung by monks by the Temple of Jupiter at Rome; the drowsiness of Ministers at a Richmond dinner while the Duke of Newcastle read the letter to Lord Raglan determining the invasion of the Crimea; the badly-cooked chop which lost Napoleon Leipzig—all the innumerable littlenesses which make up the domestic side of history. Newman's ultimate settling at Birmingham has been assigned to a variety of solemn causes: by some to his desire to hide himself; by others to the desire of his new authorities that he should be hidden. We have even heard about the banishment to Birmingham of this apostle for whom, in truth, fine society had no fascinations, of this man of letters who preserved in his seclusion an almost uninterrupted literary mood. And, after all, as Father Bowles has told me, the determining reason was a weighty one—the weight of his books. These had

been carted to Maryvale at an incredible expense—a sum making a good hole in what would have been a year's income of his old Oxford days, when that income, all told, never exceeded £500 a year. He had been moved already to Cotton Hall from Maryvale and from his books, not greatly liking the separation. They were a sort of magnet to him, and as he could get to them more easily and less expensively than they to him—to them he went.

A house in Alcester Street, Birmingham, was taken, therefore, into which he entered in January, 1849. His first work was to draw up, with the help of those about him, lists of names of the Fathers who should stay at Birmingham and of the Fathers who should be ceded to London. At last the approved list was sent to Cotton Hall to Faber, with a draft of the scheme for the foundation of the London Oratory, of which Faber was named the head. How it was formed, how it flourished exceedingly, going from King William Street to South Kensington, needs not to be told here. Stanton and Dalgairns, late of Littlemore, were among those put on the London foundation; Bowles and St John were among those who remained at Birmingham. Father Newman preached, on the opening day of the London Oratory, his sermon on the "Prospects of the Catholic Missioner." In 1850 he released the London Community from their obedience, and gave them "Home Rule," a system under which they

have grown to be a great centre of London's spiritual activity—far surpassing the parent Oratory in the glory of stone and marble, and in the size and splendour of appointments. Father Newman stayed at the Oratory in King William Street in 1852 for the Achilli Trial; a time of excitement, during which he remained day and night, almost without interruption, before the tabernacle.

The trial began in June, before Lord Campbell and a jury; and it lasted for several days. Giovanni Giacinto Achilli, an undoubted apostate priest, had lectured in Birmingham against Popery, representing himself as one who had escaped the persecutions of the Inquisition. What manner of man he really was Newman set forth in one of the lectures on *The Position of Catholics*. The crucial passage, the place of which is taken by stars only in subsequent editions of the *Lectures*, began thus: "The Protestant world flocks to hear him, because he has something to tell of the Catholic Church. He has something to tell, it is true; he has a scandal to reveal, an argument to exhibit. That one argument is himself; it is his presence which is the triumph of Protestants; it is the sight of him which is a Catholic's confusion. It is indeed a confusion that our Holy Mother could have had a priest like him. He feels the force of the argument, and he shows himself to the multitude that is gazing upon him. 'Mothers of families,' he seems to say, 'gentle maidens, innocent children, look at me, for I am worth look-

God bless you & keep you in ye fear
& the love of the Holy Spirit.
Ever most affectionately
F. W. Faber

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ing at. You do not see such a sight every day. Can any Church live over the imputation of such a production as I am? I have been a Roman priest and a hypocrite. I have been a profligate under a cowl. I am that Father Achilli who, as early as 1826, was deprived of my faculty to lecture; and who, in 1827, had already earned the reputation of a scandalous friar.'"

One of the apostate's reverend supporters insisted that he should bring an action, which was laid, in the first instance, against Messrs Burns and Lambert, the publishers of the *Lectures*, but, by common consent, the name of Dr Newman was substituted as that of the defendant. The defence (in the preparation of which Newman had the help of his constant friend, Mr Hope-Scott, Q.C.) consisted of twenty-three paragraphs of justification; and woman after woman confronted the curious black-wigged man, who "smiled and smiled" as they denounced him as the perpetrator of their ruin. Against their evidence was pitted the denial of Achilli, and this prevailed. Newman was sentenced to pay a fine of £100, and to be imprisoned until it was paid. While the cheque was being written a cordon of chairs was drawn around him, so that he might be technically in custody; a detention which adds his name to the long list of singing gaol-birds, that begins with Shakespeare and ends with Wilfrid Blunt. The *Times*, speaking of the result of the trial, said: "To Protestants and Romanists the case, truly viewed, is

unimportant; its real significance is in the discredit it has tended to throw on our administration of justice, and the impression which it has tended to disseminate—that, where religious differences come into play, a jury is the echo of popular feeling, instead of being the expositor of its own."*

The house in Alcester Street was mean enough for a man who had lost in law expenses about £10,000. "We are in a poor place just now," Newman wrote to Dr Russell in 1850, "but if you would condescend to it, we should not be on our part ashamed of it. In a year or two we hope to move to a better vicinity. But we cannot hope or desire to be prospered anywhere more than we have been here."

The church adjoining the house was an old gin warehouse. "British spirits, pass this way," was the legend painted on an old iron door at the back of the altar. To a writer in a Birmingham newspaper, who went to Alcester Street in those days and "saw John Henry Newman addressing a mere handful—sometimes, perhaps, a couple of hundred—of poor people, many of them Irish labourers," it appeared that "Rome had lost the skill with which she is credited of using with the greatest effectiveness

* A quarter of a century later a point in the case was quoted in one of the Courts as a precedent, when the following statement was made: "Lord Chief Justice Cockburn: The case referred to created a painful impression on my mind, which can never be effaced. I was beaten, and I ought to have been the victor."

every instrument at her command. We happened to hear a discourse of his in those days in which there was a brilliant sketch of Napoleon and his influence on the national and religious life of Europe. It was delivered on a week-night, and the congregation, if we can trust to memory, did not consist of more than forty people, most of whom must have been very ill-educated." Newman himself, not "Rome," judged differently, however; nor did he hesitate, when cholera broke out at Walsall—doubtless also among "poor people, many of them Irish" —to put his life at their disposal; taking, with Father St John, the place of a priest already prostrated by his labours.

Meanwhile, the Man of Letters was not idle. The *Discourses to Mixed Congregations* were issued from this house. The lectures on *Difficulties felt by Anglicans* were here composed, in which, as also in the lectures on *The Present Position of Catholics in England*, his style attained its greatest facility. These last-named lectures were delivered in the Birmingham Corn Exchange, the lecturer, who wore his habit, remaining seated, and reading from his MS. Admission was by ticket, and one ticket was held at the first lecture by "Mr Manning, late Archdeacon." At the end of the course of nine Lectures, Bishop Ullathorne thanked the lecturer, who made, in reply, a singular confession: "It is a curious thing for me to say that, though I am of mature age, and have been very busy in many ways, yet this is the first

time in my life that I have ever received any praise."

Beyond this hall the Lectures on *The Present Position of Catholics in England* were heard, and praised, too. George Eliot read them "with great amusement (!)" —the mark of exclamation her own—"they are full of clever satire and description." Much more than that, they contain passages of noble English; and if they are now in a manner obsolete it is because they helped to end the prejudices that called them forth. Anglicanism, too, has undergone changes that put out of date much that was then pertinent. Newman, writing of these Anglican Lectures to Dr Russell at the time of their delivery, said: "I am conscious that they are a mere ephemeral publication, and I shall be far more than satisfied if they do good at the moment." The situation changes; but the literature abides.

# V. Life and Labour at the Birmingham Oratory

The building of the Oratory—The Father's daily life—An interval at Dublin—The Oratory School—Newman as a talker—The literary work of the period—A letter of alarm—A relic from Khartoum

IN 1852 the Birmingham Oratorians left Alcester Street for Edgbaston, where they now are. The plans for the house were drawn by a cousin of one of the Fathers. During the building, some of the Littlemore stories were again in the air; and Father Newman had to explain his kitchen arrangements in a letter to *The Times*. The Church was merely four brick walls, requiring no design beyond that of the local builder. Later came the addition of the sanctuary, planned with much taste by John Hungerford Pollen.

It had been in the thoughts of the founder to build a worthier fane, one which would in miniature recall St Mark's at Venice, the church he most of all admired; and M. Viollet-le-duc came to Birmingham to prepare plans. But the "libel" trial timed with the entrance of the Fathers into the new house at Edgbaston; and Newman used to say that he had not the heart to ask for aid to build a big church after the inflowing of subscriptions to defray his legal expenses. Heavy as these were, there was a surplus of money subscribed; to be re-spent partly

in Ireland, which had given, as usual, abundantly out of its own poverty. Years after Newman's death, the inadequacy of the old church suggested a new church as a memorial of him.

There, at Edgbaston, for thirty-eight years, he lived, laboured and loved. The little break made, early in the time, by his residence in Dublin as Rector of the Irish Catholic University, hardly destroys the continuity of that long spell of peaceful toil. He was still "the Father" in his experimental absence; an experiment that did not succeed. Nor did he in Ireland cut himself off from old friends. The men of the Oxford Movement were gathered about him, his own converts, some of them: Mr Allies, who has told the story of his momentous *Life's Decision;* Aubrey de Vere, the link between Wordsworth and Tennyson—both of them his friends—and between Newman and Manning, by both of whom he was beloved—himself a sharer alike in the literary and in the religious glory; Henry Bedford, who once well compared plain Father Newman to Napoleon, wearing no star among his generals who wore—constellations; the aforenamed John Hungerford Pollen, formerly a clergyman, and afterwards to fill more than one responsible post in the world of art and politics; Sir Peter Le Page Renouf, the first of scholars in Egyptology; Thomas Arnold, son of Dr Arnold, brother of Matthew, and father of Mrs Humphry Ward; Robert Ornsby, the biographer of Hope-Scott; Penny, who

had been a visitor at Littlemore after his resignation of his living and his reception, before Newman's, into the Church; and W. H. Anderdon, Anglican clergyman and nephew of Manning, who afterwards as a Jesuit Father fulfilled his apostolate. The lectures on University Education were delivered in Dublin; and the fame and name of Newman still inhabit the city from which he retired, at the end of 1859, with the conviction that he had served "a country which had tokens in her of an important future, and the promise of still greater works than she has yet achieved in the cause of the Catholic faith." That note of his desire to serve Ireland was repeated long afterwards, when he told a deputation that came from Dublin to congratulate him on his Hat: "I know well—or if that is presumptuous to say, I sincerely believe—that a desire to serve Ireland was the ruling motive of my writings and doings while I was with you. How could I have any other? What right-minded Englishman could think of his country's conduct towards you in times past without indignation, shame and remorse? How could such man but earnestly desire, should his duty take him to Ireland, to be able to offer to her some small service in expiation of the crimes which his own people in former times committed there? I cannot then deny that, diffident as I have ever been in retrospect of any outcome of my work in Ireland, it has been a great satisfaction to me, and a great consolation, to find from you

and others that I have a right to think that those years were not wasted, and that the Sovereign Pontiff had not sent me to Ireland for nothing."

Dublin or Oxford dwelt, for a time, in Newman's thoughts, as alternative places for an attempt to establish a college of high aims for Catholics. Dublin fell through, and the Oxford attempt was never made; for it failed, for good or for ill, to win the final approval of ecclesiastical authority, though Cardinals in Rome, bishops here also, and many fathers of sons—the people who might be supposed to count—awaited its accomplishment with hopes and blessings. The Oratory School, established at Birmingham in 1859, supplied a smaller need, and supplied it well.

"The Oratory has a more prosperous appearance than I have observed before," wrote Lord Acton from under Newman's roof in the April of that year. "The School is beginning, with great hopes indeed, but in a small way. Caswall, the poet as also the politician of the house, is full of the eloquence of Bright; but Newman talks of plumping for his friend Acland. He is just bringing out an excellent volume [*Lectures and Essays on University Subjects*]. In one is a comparison of the warnings of conscience with the reflected scenes in the water, in his finest style."

An "Old Boy," Mr Arthur Hungerford Pollen, recalls: "At the Oratory we saw a good deal of the Cardinal. Nothing pleased him more than making

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THE ORATORY, EDGBASTON, BIRMINGHAM

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OF
CALIFORNIA

friends with the boys, and the many opportunities we had of personal contact with him made the friendship a real one. Of course, to us he was the greatest of heroes. Slight and bent with age, with head thrust forward, and a quick firm gait, the great Oratorian might often be seen going from corridor to corridor, or across the school grounds. His head was large, the pink biretta made it seem still more so, and he carried it as if the neck were not strong enough for the weight. His face changed but little; yet he would be a bold man who attempted to describe its sweetness, its firmness and its strength. It had been his special desire from the beginning that no ceremony or state should be maintained. He was always known by those in the house as "the Father"; and except in the part he took in the ceremonies of the Church, his dignity made small difference to his life. In the Latin plays which he had prepared for the boys to act he always took the keenest interest, insisting on the careful rendering of favourite passages, and himself giving hints in cases of histrionic difficulty. In the school chapel he from time to time appeared, giving a short address, and assisting at the afternoon service. It is curious that it should have been in connexion with these two widely different occupations that we should have seen most of him. It is, perhaps, characteristic of his disposition, in which playfulness and piety were so sweetly combined."

Another "Old Boy," Dr Sparrow, also remembers some of the methods and moods of his master:

"The first boy to arrive was the eldest son of Serjeant Bellasis—R. G. Bellasis, who afterwards joined the Congregation of the Oratory, and is now Father Richard Bellasis, of the Birmingham Oratory. I went myself to the Oratory in 1863, and for eleven years enjoyed the privilege and blessing of the Cardinal's training. In those early days of the school we saw more of the Father (as we called him) than was possible for the students to have done in later years, owing to his age and physical weakness. Every month, in my time, each form went up to the Father's room and was examined by him *vivâ voce* in the work done during the preceding month, a trying ordeal for those who were nervous or idle, notwithstanding the kindness and gentleness of the Father, who was one of the most considerate and sympathetic of examiners. The Father always attached great importance to the 'lesson by heart,' and insisted on perfect accuracy and readiness in its repetition. He was always most particular to urge upon the boys a higher standard of honour, and never would tolerate anything mean or shabby. At the end of each term every boy went to the Father for what we called his 'character,' that is, the Father spoke to him privately as to his progress and behaviour during the past term. When I was reading for the London University Intermediate Examination in Arts along with another, the Father took us himself in classics and English literature, and I shall never forget those lectures, especially

those in literature. He told us how greatly he admired Sir Walter Scott's novels; he also expressed a great liking for the *Rejected Addresses*, as some of the cleverest parodies he had read; and he encouraged us to read good novels."

Writing in 1862 of the Oratory School to the President of Maynooth (Dr Russell, who had helped him with tracts when he was still at Oxford), he gives us a glimpse of his own mind about it: "I am overworked with various kinds of mental labour, and I cannot do as much as I once could. Yet it would be most ungrateful to complain, even if I were seriously incommoded, for my present overwork arises from the very success of a school which I began here shortly after I retired from the [Irish] University. When we began it was a simple experiment, and lookers-on seemed to be surprised when they found we had in half a year a dozen; but at the end of our third year we now have seventy. St Christopher took up a little child and he proved too heavy for him; and thus we in our simplicity allowed ourselves to profess to take boys, and are seriously alarmed at the responsibilities which we have brought on ourselves. As all other schools are increasing in number, it is a pleasant proof of the extension of Catholic education."

This was a triumph which he took as it came, not absorbed or greatly elated by the local personal success, but relating it gratefully to the general growth.

The great literary vogue of the *Apologia* two years later than this left him equally unmoved, though he welcomed every one of the multitude of evidences that the book had made its serious impression upon contemporary opinion. If he took triumphs calmly, so he took disappointments, of which he had more than enough, and failures, even when due to no weakness of his, but to the perversity of others, with singular submission. Writing in 1865, two decades after his conversion, to a great friend among the Jesuits, he said: "It is a constant source of sadness to me that I have done so little for Him during a long twenty years, but then I think, and with some comfort, that I have ever tried to act as others told me, and if I have not done more, it has been because I have not been put to do more or have been stopped when I attempted more. The Cardinal [Wiseman] brought me from Littlemore to Oscott, he sent me to Rome, he stationed and left me in Birmingham. When the Holy Father wished me to begin the Dublin Catholic University, I did so at once. When the Synod of Oscott gave me to do the new translation of Scripture, I began it without a word. When the Cardinal asked me to interfere in the matter of the *Rambler*, I took on myself, to my sore disgust, a great trouble and trial. Lastly, when my bishop, *proprio motu*, asked me to undertake the mission of Oxford, I at once committed myself to a very expensive purchase of land, and began, as he wished me, to col-

lect money for a church. In all these matters I think, in spite of incidental mistakes, I should on the whole have done a work, had I been allowed or aided to go on with them, but it has been our God's blessed will that I should have been stopped. If I could get out of my mind the notion that I could do something and am not doing it, nothing could be happier, more peaceful or more to my taste than the life I lead."

In this strangely impassive recital it is the allusion to the *Rambler* that he makes with most perturbation; and elsewhere he said (in unwonted haste) that it was a thankless task to study history, because, unless you doctored it, you were branded a bad Catholic. Lord Acton, in whose interests that statement was made, did undoubtedly suffer the darts of an outrageous fortune, but never in all his early *Letters** does he allow himself a word of petulance; and, in persisting as he did in his line of historical criticism, and in his assertion of the chastity of Knowledge, he offered a living confutation of the too inclusive indictment uttered on his behalf. It was Newman's own article "On Consulting the Faithful in Matters of Doctrine" that set the wildest storms raging round the *Rambler;* but the essay has survived and been embodied in one of his permanent works. It is a sorry thought that nearly every book that Newman wrote, from *The Develop-*

* *Lord Acton and his Circle.* Edited by Abbot Gasquet. Burns and Oates.

*ment* to the *Grammar of Assent*, offered the occasion for some suspicion of his good faith in the double sense of the term; yet such, in the nature of the case, must ever be, and in all ages has been, the fate of those who think or act in advance of the general stupidity, the common torpor.

Anxious as Newman was to give no offence, he knew how to stiffen his back when need was. For example, in this same decade of the 'sixties he wrote to a friendly critic: "In a day like this in which such serious efforts are made to narrow that liberty of thought and speech which are open to a Catholic, I am indisposed to suppress my own judgement in order to satisfy objectors." In 1874, still under the Pontificate of Pius IX, he spoke with an added emphasis. "For the benefit of some Catholics I would observe that, while I acknowledge one Pope, *jure divino*, I acknowledge no other; and that I think it a usurpation too wicked to be comfortably dwelt upon, when individuals use their own private judgement in the discussion of religious questions for the purpose of anathematizing the private judgement of others. I say there is only one Oracle of God, the Holy Catholic Church, and the Pope as her head. To her teaching I have ever desired all my thoughts, all my words, to be conformed; to her judgment I submit what I have now written, what I have ever written, not only as regards its truth, but as to its prudence, its suitableness and its expedience."

The life of the Fathers of the Oratory differs little from that of any group of secular priests living in community. A visitor to Edgbaston in the early 'eighties, Mr C. Kegan Paul, gives the following account of the domestic routine: "Each father has his own room,* library and bedroom in one, the bed within a screen, the crucifix above, and the prized personal little fittings on the walls. The library is full of valuable books, many of them once the private property of Dr Newman, now forming the nucleus of a stately collection for the use of the Community. Perhaps it is the dinner hour, and the silent figures pass along the galleries to the refectory, a lofty room with many small tables, and a pulpit at one end opposite the tables. At one of these sits the Superior alone, clad like the rest save the red lines of his biretta, which mark his Cardinal's rank. At a table near him may, perhaps, be a guest, and at others the members of the Community, two and two. The meal is served by two of the Fathers, who take this office in turn. During the meal a novice reads from the pulpit a chapter of the Bible, then a short passage from the life of St Philip Neri, and then from some book, religious or secular, of general interest. Towards the end, one of the Fathers proposes two questions for discussion, or rather for utterance of opinion. On one day there was a point of Biblical criticism proposed, and one of ecclesiastical etiquette (if the word may be allowed). After this short reli-

* *The* Father, however, had two rooms.

gious exercise, the company passed into another room for a frugal dessert and glass of wine, since the day chanced to be a Feast; and there was much to remind an Oxford man of an Oxford Common-room, the excellent talk sometimes to be heard there and the dignified unbending for awhile from serious thought." Such a dinner seems hardly in accord with that counsel of digestion that the blood be not diverted to the head. Yet the Fathers of the Oratory have lived proverbially long. Newman was not exempt, until age brought infirmity, from compliance with the ordinary rules.

Sir Rowland Blennerhassett says: "Up to a very advanced period of his life he rose at five o'clock. At seven he said his Mass; at eight he breakfasted; at nine he invariably returned to his study, where he remained till two or three o'clock. He always kept on his table the edition of Gibbon with the notes of Guizot and Milman, Döllinger's *Heidenthum und Judenthum*, almost always the copy of *Athanasius* which had belonged to Bossuet, and which contained in the margin notes in the handwriting of the great Bishop, the 'last of the Fathers,' as Newman delighted to call him. Newman had also always near at hand some Greek poet or philosopher."

Newman used to say that he owed little or nothing intellectually to any Latin writer with one exception, and that exception was not St Augustine but Cicero. After lunch Newman took a walk or went to see people with whom he had business:

"He dined," adds Sir Rowland, "at six o'clock, retired to his room soon after seven, and went to bed about ten. Occasionally he used to go out for two or three days to a small country-house some miles out of Birmingham, which he had purchased. He loved that little place in the Worcestershire hills, and he was buried in its grounds. After he became a Cardinal, he made no change in his habits. . . . He wished people to treat him as much as possible as they did before his elevation to the Sacred College, and he disliked intensely genuflexions being made to him, or being the object of any of those artificial or extravagant deferences which Catholics in England sometimes pay to ecclesiastics of high position." At Littlemore he had told his young men to drop the *Mister*. "Call me Newman," he said. But on this point they were not bold to obey. "The Vicar" was a good way out of the difficulty then, as "The Father" was at the Oratory, where he called the others by their Christian names.

As a talker in the old days Newman has been described by Mr J. A. Froude: "Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was and what was his destiny. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of

action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's *Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington* came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. 'Think?' he said; 'it makes one burn to have been a soldier!' He seemed always to be better informed on common topics of conversation than anyone else who was present. He was never condescending with us (undergraduates), never didactic or authoritative; but what he said carried conviction along with it. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength—and he was interesting because he never talked for talking's sake, but because he had something real to say."

Newman never lacked tact as a talker. The late Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P., wrote to me: "A characteristic story used to be told by my dearest father:* When Newman was Fellow of Oriel, during the Hampden controversy, an American professor visited Oxford and dined at the high table. As the Fellows took different views in the controversy, it was never mentioned at dinner. The American, not understanding this, suddenly cried

* The Henry William Wilberforce already named, the most charming and human figure in all the group of Newman's Oxford contemporaries.

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out: Well, Mr Newman, what about this Hampden controversy? Newman at once seized a spoon, and taking up a dish, offered a hot potato." The symbolism was apparent, and the subject dropped.

Another time, when a naval chaplain was embarrassed by being asked whether his service on board ship was "High" or "Low," Newman interposed: "Surely that depends upon the tide." His own peculiar method of turning off questions which were not timely is well known. "Serious complications in Rome, Father," said Lord Edward Howard, a member of Parliament anxious to get at Newman's mind during a crisis of the Roman question. "Yes," said the Father, quickly adding: "And in China." And there was something in his manner, we suppose, which prevented his questioners on such occasions from feeling that they were being trifled with. When he knew words would be wasted, he would not spend them. One of those about him having resolved to leave him, under circumstances likely to raise exclamations and to invite remonstrance, told him his determination. "By what train?" was all he said in acceptance of the inevitable. His offer to the Protestant champion who challenged him to a discussion, that he would play him on the violin, was another instance of his economy of words.

Many were the visitors from afar who sought out the Father at the Oratory: strangers and wayfarers, generally in anxiety about themselves; old

friends, too, some of whom, like Lord Emly and Aubrey de Vere, made a point of paying him a yearly visit.

Lord Acton has left us a record of such visits paid by him at a time when the *Rambler* was being treated in certain quarters as if it were scandalous, if not in its views, at least in its sentiments. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves is a formula which has a defensible fascination for authority; and the pennies have often been shielded at the expense of the pounds among people. This was what was happening in England when the *Rambler* was resented. "I had a three hours' talk with the venerable Newman," Acton reports to Simpson in 1858, "who came out at last with his real sentiments to an extent which startled me with respect both to things and persons, as Ward, Dalgairns, etc.; natural inclination of men in power to tyrannize; ignorance and presumption of would-be theologians. I did not think he would ever cast aside his diplomacy and buttonment so entirely, and was quite surprised at the intense interest he betrayed in the *Rambler*. He was quite miserable when I told him the news of Wiseman's hostility, and moaned for a long time, rocking himself backwards and forwards over the fire like an old woman with a toothache. He thinks the move provoked both by the hope of breaking down the *Rambler* and by jealousy of Döllinger. He asked whether we suspected anyone, and at last inclined

to the notion that the source is in Brompton." Two years later, when the same trouble recurred, Acton again saw Newman about it, and told Simpson: "I have never heard him speak openly on affairs as in the bitterness of his spirit he spoke during the half-hour I was with him, and his language was—more vehement, indeed—but in substance the same that I have been hearing and imbibing any time these nine years from Döllinger."

At the Oratory, too, when both were bowed with age, met the two great Cardinals—the divided friends, counterparts and contrasts, during sixty years. In the 'eighties they had half an hour together in Birmingham, saying not much, but looking each at each, with what reflections one dimly wonders. When the news of death came from Birmingham, the Prince of the Church at Westminster —though eight years younger—bowed his head and said he felt he had his own notice to quit. Some went to the Oratory, as it were by night. Other business brought them to the Midlands: politics, for example. The last time his old friend Gladstone visited the house, the invalid could not see him; but the politician, hearing that the Cardinal's arrangements for reading when reclining were defective, thoughtfully supplied a remedy. On a former occasion Mr Gladstone called in company with Mr Chamberlain. And there were some who were not even as Nicodemus; who were drawn to the Oratory, but never went even by night. "I envy you

your opportunity of seeing and hearing Newman," wrote George Eliot to Miss Hennell; "and I should like to make an expedition to Birmingham with that sole end."

It was the *Apologia*, written at Edgbaston in 1864, that did much more than confute Kingsley—it "breathed new life into me," said George Eliot, who, so speaking, spoke too for others. "Pray mark," she writes, "that beautiful passage in which he thanks his friend, Ambrose St John. I know hardly anything that delights me more than such evidence of sweet brotherly love being a reality in the world." The allusion and its own bearing on the life led at Birmingham gives the opportunity of quoting that passage here:

"I have closed this history of myself with St Philip's name upon St Philip's feast-day; and, having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this house, the priests of the Birmingham Oratory, Ambrose St John, Henry Austin Mills, Henry Bittleston, Edward Caswall, William Paine Neville and Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder, who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive of my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have carried me through so many trials; who have grudged no sacrifice, if I have asked for it; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing; who have done so many good works, and let me have the

credit of them; with whom I have lived so long, with whom I hope to die. And to you especially, dear Ambrose St John, whom God gave me, when He took every one else away; who are the link between my old life and my new; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me so narrowly; who have never thought of yourself, if I was in question. And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I know them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or by deed; and of all these, thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church. And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the power of the divine will, into one fold and under one Shepherd."

In 1866 Newman wrote at Birmingham his answer to Pusey's *Eirenicon*. "There was one of old time who wreathed his sword in myrtle; excuse me,

you discharge your olive-branch as if from a catapult." In this letter he lamented that the friend he never ceased to love should have gone aside from his own true devotion to rake together passages from foreign authors, often the obscurest, in which the Blessed Virgin was spoken of with an adoration that outdoes dogma, and in language against which may be urged what he had once hinted in quite another sense against Moore's poetry—that the ornament outstrips the sense. His own feeling Newman thus defines: "Certainly in many instances in which theologian differs from theologian, and country from country, I have a definite judgement of my own; I can say so without offence to anyone, for the very reason that from the nature of the case, it is impossible to agree with all of them. I prefer English habits of belief and devotion to foreign, from the same causes and by the same right which justify foreigners in preferring their own."

Newman adds that when he became a Catholic the Vicar-Apostolic of the London district, Dr Griffiths, "warned me against books of devotion of the Italian school, which were just at that time, 1845, coming into England"; and he goes on to say, "I took him to caution me against a character and tone of religion, excellent in its place, not suited to England." Of popular superstitions abroad which Pusey brought into the controversy Newman has this practical thing to say:

"What has power to stir holy and refined souls

is potent also with the multitude; and the religion of the multitude is ever vulgar and abnormal; it ever will be tinctured with fanaticism and superstition while men are what they are. A people's religion is ever a corrupt religion, in spite of the provisions of holy Church. You may beat religion out of men, if you will, and then their excesses will take a different direction; but if you make use of religion to improve them, they will make use of religion to corrupt it. And then you will have effected that compromise of which our countrymen report so unfavourably from abroad—a high, grand, faith and worship which compel their admiration, and puerile absurdities among the people which excite their contempt. . . That in times and places the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin has fallen into abuse, and that it has even become a superstition, I do not care to deny; for the same process which brings to maturity carries on to decay."

Of Pusey's quotations from Catholic writers, he says, "Some of your authors, I know, are saints. All, I suppose, are spiritual writers and holy men; but the majority are of no great celebrity. The greatest name is St Alfonso Liguori; but it never surprises me to read anything extraordinary in the devotions of a saint. Such men are on a level very different from our own, and we cannot understand them. I hold this to be an important canon in the lives of the saints, according to the words of the Apostle, 'The spiritual man judges all things, and

he himself is judged of no one.' But we may refrain from judging without proceeding to imitate. I hope it is not disrespectful to so great a servant of GOD to say that I never have read his *Glories of Mary*. As to his practical directions, St Alfonso wrote them for Neapolitans, whom he knew and we do not know. Other writers whom you quote, as De Salazar, are too ruthlessly logical to be safe or pleasant guides in the delicate matters of devotion. As to De Montfort and Oswald, I never even met with their names till I saw them in your book.* One thing is clear about all these writers—that not one of them is an Englishman"; and, as to Father Faber, he, as a convert, "cannot be considered a representative of English Catholic devotion." Only England itself, he reminds Dr Pusey, is concerned:

"For though doctrine is one and the same everywhere, devotions are matters of the particular time and the particular country. I suppose we owe it to the national good sense that English Catholics have been protected from the extravagances which are elsewhere to be found. And we owe it also to the wisdom and moderation of the Holy See, which, in giving us the pattern for our devotion, as well as the rule of our faith, has never indulged in those

*Newman, in the Oratory at Birmingham, first heard De Montfort's name in 1865 from Dr Pusey. Yet Pusey's quotations from this treatise of De Montfort's were from the very translation of it published by Father Faber from the London Oratory itself. The incident illustrates the spirit of detachment ultimately maintained between the two Houses.

curiosities of thought which are both so attractive to undisciplined imaginations, and so dangerous to grovelling hearts. In the case of our own common people, I think such a forced style of devotion would be simply unintelligible; as to the educated, I doubt whether it can have more than an occasional or temporary influence. If the Catholic faith spreads in England, these peculiarities will not spread with it. There is a healthy devotion to the Blessed Mary, and there is an artificial; it is possible to love her as a Mother, to honour her as a Virgin, to seek her as a Patron, to exalt her as a Queen, without any injury to solid piety and Christian good sense: I cannot help calling this the English style."

The passage of the Cardinal's, in his *Apologia*, upon this question of fitness in the words used about the Blessed Virgin comes to mind: "The writings of St Alfonso, as I knew them by the extracts commonly made from them, prejudiced me as much against the Roman Church as anything else, on account of what was called their 'Mariolatry.' Such devotional manifestations in honour of our Lady had been my great *crux* as regards Catholicism; I say frankly, I do not fully enter into them now. I trust I do not love her the less, because I cannot enter into them. They may be fully explained and defended: but sentiment and taste do not run with logic; they are suitable for Italy, but they are not suitable for England. But over and above England, my own case was special; from a boy I had been led

to consider that my Maker and I, His creature, were the two beings, certainly such *in rerum natura*. I will not here speculate, however, about my own feelings. Only this I know full well now, and did not know then, that the Catholic Church allows no image of any sort, material or immaterial, no dogmatic symbol, no rite, no sacrament, no saint, not even the Blessed Virgin herself, to come between the soul and its Creator. It is face to face, *solus cum solo*, in all matters between man and his God. He alone creates; He alone has redeeemed; before His awful eyes we go in death; in the vision of Him is our eternal beatitude."

In 1870 the *Grammar of Assent* was published; and five years later the *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk on Mr Gladstone's Expostulations:* Newman taking this very welcome opportunity for linking his name with that of one of the Old Boys of the Oratory School who was very dear to him.

In this case as in earlier publications the interest, on both sides, was of the hour: a hostile vote of Catholic members unnerved Gladstone's arm; he hit out with it, but with uncertain aim. It was perhaps a battle of feelings rather than of facts; but one is as important for the moment as the other, and the *Letter* of Newman, a man so full of affectionate appreciation of others, was sure of easy victory in such a contest. His great fairness towards Gladstone was confirmed by another letter, one he privately wrote to Dr Russell, when his public task was done. It offers the rare instance of a man's case being better

stated by an opponent than it could have been by himself. "As to Gladstone, if he writes, I think he will say that he has been quite misunderstood; that he did not speak of the great mass of English, nor again of Irish, Catholics—indeed, that he had expressly excepted them from the subjects of his animadversion in various passages of his pamphlet, that he was glad to find that he had elicited from them the patriotic spirit of which he was already so sure, but his words held good still against those at whom they were originally aimed, that I myself had pointed out who they were, that I had spoken of them as extravagant and tyrannous, and as having set the house on fire, [that] those are the objects of his attack, that the Pope is at their head, therefore he calls them Vaticanists, that nothing has been made good by me or anyone else to dislodge him from this position, which is the position he originally took up, that what is witnessed in England is witnessed all over Europe, that the tomes of theologians are not the appropriate dépôts of evidence or *loci* for appeal in this matter, but the Ultramontane newspapers, that it has been all along notorious that Rome was cautious, logical, unassailable in doctrine, but the present question was as to the political use or rather abuse of her doctrine, etc., etc."

The assertion of the rights of conscience as the very foundations of the Church's claim on the obedience of the world was enforced by Newman in passages that will always be quoted:

"Did the Pope speak against conscience, in the true sense of the word, he would commit a suicidal act. On the law of conscience and its sacredness are in fact founded both his authority in theory and his power. Whether this or that particular Pope in this bad world always kept this great truth in view in all that he did, it is for history to tell. It is by the universal sense of right and wrong, the consciousness of transgression, the pangs of guilt and the dread of retribution, as first principles deeply wedged in the hearts of men, it is thus and only thus that he has gained his footing and achieved his success. If, under the plea of his revealed prerogatives, he neglected his mission of preaching truth, justice, mercy and peace, much more if he trampled on the consciences of his subjects—if he had done so all along, as Protestants say, then he could not have lasted all these many centuries till now. For a while the Papal chair was held by men who gave themselves up to luxury, security and a pagan kind of Christianity; and we all know what a moral earthquake was the consequence, and how the Church lost thereby, and has lost to this day, one half of Europe. The Popes could not have recovered from so terrible a catastrophe, as they have done, had they not returned to their first and better ways, and the grave lesson of the past is itself a guarantee of the future."

Leaving generalizations that could hardly be regarded as more than plausible by the outsider, Newman then applied himself to details. "I observe

that, conscience being a practical dictate, a collision is possible between it and the Pope's authority only when the Pope legislates or gives particular orders, and the like. But a Pope is not infallible in his laws, nor in his commands, nor in his acts of state, nor in his administration, nor in his public policy. Let it be observed that the Vatican Council has left him just as it found him here. Mr Gladstone's language on this point is to me quite unintelligible. What have excommunication and interdict to do with infallibility? Was St Peter infallible on that occasion at Antioch when St Paul withstood him? Was St Victor infallible when he separated from his communion the Asiatic Churches, or Liberius when in like manner he excommunicated Athanasius? And, to come to later times, was Gregory XIII when he had a medal struck in honour of the Bartholomew massacre? or Paul IV in his conduct towards Elizabeth? or Sixtus V when he blessed the Armada? or Urban VIII when he persecuted Galileo? No Catholic ever pretends that these Popes were infallible in these acts."

And then, after saying that it must be the true conscience, and no counterfeit, that opposes the supreme though not infallible authority of the Pope, a conscience following upon thought and prayer, he gives out of hand two instances to illustrate his point: "Thus, if the Pope told the English bishops" —many will hope that it is not the most unlikely of "ifs"—"to order their priests to stir themselves

energetically in favour of teetotalism, and a particular priest was persuaded that abstinence from wine was practically a Gnostic error, and therefore felt he could not so exert himself without sin; or suppose there was a Papal order to hold lotteries in each mission for some religious object, and a priest could say in GOD'S sight that he believed lotteries to be morally wrong, that priest, in either of these cases, would commit a sin *hic et nunc* if he obeyed the Pope, if he was right or wrong in his opinion, and, if wrong, although he had not taken proper pains to get at the truth of the matter."

That is for Catholics. As for Protestants, Newman quotes with implied approval the Jesuit Busenbaum as declaring: "A heretic, as long as he judges his sect to be more or equally deserving of belief, has no obligation to believe [in the Church]. When men who have been brought up in heresy are persuaded from boyhood that we impugn and attack the Word of GOD, that we are idolaters, pestilent deceivers, and therefore to be shunned as pests, they cannot, while this persuasion lasts, with a safe conscience hear us." And for himself he says: "Certainly, if I am obliged to bring religion into after-dinner toasts (which indeed does not seem quite the thing), I shall drink—to the Pope, if you please—still to conscience first and to the Pope afterwards."

On a higher plane he penned the familiar panegyric of that "still small voice" which Manning

identified with the Dæmon of Socrates: "Conscience is not a long-sighted selfishness, not a desire to be consistent with oneself; but it is a messenger from Him who, both in nature and in grace, speaks to us behind a veil, and teaches and rules us by His representatives. Conscience is the aboriginal Vicar of CHRIST, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas, and even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church should cease to be, in it the sacerdotal principle would remain and would have a sway."

Perhaps the life of the Man of Letters at Edgbaston was a more even one than it had ever been elsewhere: bringing with it no great discoveries, or fears, or surprises. He did not again "see a ghost,"—such as he had encountered in 1839, when the history of the fifth century revealed to him that the old Monophysite heresy was a type of Anglicanism; and such as reappeared to him in 1842 while translating Athanasius. He did not laugh to himself any longer as he had laughed at Maryvale over his composition of *Loss and Gain*,* with its peculiar convert clerical irony, abhorred by Manning, whose own sacred and happy union forbade him ever to mock a married clergy.

*The Loss of Works, by renowned Anglican authors, and the Gain of Faith had been illustrated by the conversion of the well-known Anglican publisher, Mr Burns, for whom Newman is said to have written *Loss and Gain* under some sense of making compensation to him for the great sacrifices thus endured.

He did not feel again the thrill of pleasure which ran through him as he took down the volumes of the Fathers from the shelves at Littlemore, after he had been received into the Church, and said, "You are mine now, you are mine now"; a near approach to almost marital joy of possession at last after long desiring.

In truth, the most disturbing event of the Edgbaston period was the unexpected publication in the *Standard* of the letter of alarm he sent during the sittings of the Vatican Council, to his Bishop (Ullathorne), between whom and himself the relations were always affectionate. The alarm was due solely to the extravagances of the supporters of a Definition still under discussion, not to doubt of Newman's about its validity; and the reader of to-day, unversed in the distresses occasioned to those who, believing the dogma, yet doubted—one might say, in Newman's case, despaired—of its being usefully proclaimed, may well marvel at the paragraphs that he penned:

"Rome ought to be a name to lighten the heart at all times, and a Council's proper office is, when some great heresy or other evil impends, to inspire hope and confidence in the Faithful; but now we have the greatest meeting which ever has been seen, and that at Rome, infusing into us by the accredited organs of Rome and of its partisans (such as the *Civiltà*, the *Armonia*, the *Univers* and the *Tablet*) little else than fear and dismay. When we are all at

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rest, and have no doubts, and—at least practically, not to say doctrinally—hold the Holy Father to be infallible, suddenly there is thunder in the clear sky, and we are told to prepare for something, we know not what, to try our faith, we know not how. No impending danger is to be averted, but a great difficulty is to be created. Is this the proper work of an Œcumenical Council?

"As to myself, personally, please GOD, I do not expect any trial at all; but I cannot help suffering with the many souls who are suffering, and I look with anxiety at the prospect of having to defend decisions which may not be difficult to my private judgment, but may be most difficult to maintain logically in the face of historical facts.

"What have we done to be treated as the Faithful never were treated before? When has a definition *de fide* been a luxury of devotion and not a stern, painful necessity? Why should an aggressive, insolent faction be allowed 'to make the heart of the just sad, whom the LORD hath not made sorrowful'? Why cannot we be let alone, when we have pursued peace and thought no evil?

"I assure you, my Lord, some of the truest minds are driven one way and another, and do not know where to rest their feet—one day determining 'to give up all theology as a bad job,' and recklessly to believe henceforth almost that the Pope is impeccable; at another, tempted to 'believe all the worst which a book like *Janus* says'; others 'doubt-

ing about the capacity possessed by bishops drawn from all corners of the earth to judge what is fitting for European society,' and then, again, angry with the Holy See for listening to the 'flattery of a clique of Jesuits, Redemptorists and converts.'

"Then, again, think of the store of Pontifical scandals in the history of eighteen centuries which have partly been poured forth and partly are still to come. What Murphy inflicted upon us in one way M. Veuillot is indirectly bringing on us in another. And then, again, the blight which is following upon the multitude of Anglican Ritualists, etc., who themselves, perhaps—at least their leaders—may never become Catholics, but who are leavening the various English denominations and parties (far beyond their own range) with principles and sentiments tending towards their ultimate absorption into the Catholic Church.

"With these thoughts ever before me, I am continually asking myself whether I ought not to make my feelings public, but all I do is to pray those early doctors of the Church whose intercession would decide the matter—Augustine, Ambrose and Jerome, Athanasius, Chrysostom and Basil—to avert the great calamity. If it is God's will that the Pope's infallibility is defined, then is it God's will to throw back 'the times and moments' of that triumph which He has destined for His kingdom, and I shall feel I have but to bow my head to His adorable, inscrutable Providence."

soul preparing for death.

Your letter and its contents took away my breath. I was deeply moved to find that a book of mine had been in General Gordon's hands, and that the description of a

I send it back to you, with my heartfelt thanks, by this post in a registered cover. It is additionally precious, as having his Powers writing in it

Most truly Yours

John H. Card. Newman

LETTER OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

*Written to Frank Power's Sister about General Gordon's copy of "The Dream of Gerontius"*

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This was not one of the many occasions on which Newman could be astonished at his own moderation; indeed, when the "insolent and aggressive faction" was quoted against him as a detached phrase, he straightway denied it—a lapse of memory which looks as though he had written his letter in haste in all senses of the term. The lapse of time, as Abbot Gasquet has pointed out in his *Lord Acton and his Circle*, has given a just proportion to those raging controversies; and, though the fears of Newman's letter have long ago been lulled by the official "Peace, be still," it remains in evidence of his unbounded solicitude for the interests of harassed or perplexed friends. He shouted louder to save others from a blow than he had ever done to save himself.

"It took away his breath," in a more agreeable fashion, to find, on a morning in 1885, among his letters one from Frank Power's sister, to say that she possessed a relic from Khartoum—a copy of *The Dream of Gerontius*, given to her brother by Gordon, and scored by Gordon with incisive pencil marks at such passages as "Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled," and "Pray for me, O my friends." This poem, in which penetrating sincerity of feeling on a great subject finds, in some passages, the most poetical expression Newman ever attained, was sent by him, in the first instance, to a periodical, the editor of which asked him for something: "I have routed this out of a drawer."

From Birmingham he had now and again to make a profession of faith: "I have not had one moment's wavering of trust in the Catholic Church ever since I was received into her fold. I hold, and ever have held, a supreme satisfaction in her worship, discipline and teaching; and an eager longing, and a hope against hope, that the many dear friends whom I have left in Protestantism may be partakers in my happiness. And I do hereby profess that Protestantism is the dreariest of all possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England! No! 'The net is broken, and we are delivered.' I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term) if, in my old age, I left 'the land flowing with milk and honey' for the city of confusion and the house of bondage."

He was only sixty-one and had still a third of his life to run when he was writing thus of "old age." A letter he wrote early in 1874, now before me, ends: "Don't forget in your prayers that I am very old now, and need every help I can get from friends." For twenty years there were such closing passages and postscripts to letters addressed alike to friend and casual correspondent. By 1887 it had got to "Excuse a short letter—but I do not write without pain"; and the signature became as much as he could easily attempt at the end of the text indited in a hand rather freer than his own, but closely

formed upon it, by his faithful friend and devoted other-self, Father William Neville.*

* One of the six Anglican clergymen connected with St Saviour's, Leeds, received into the Church together by Father Newman in 1851. He was the executor of Newman, whom he outlived by some fourteen years.

# VI. The Cardinalate, Rome, Home, & the Last Resting-place

The Red Hat—Leo XIII's "my Cardinal"—Pusey's and Döllinger's views—At Rednal: *The Eternal Years*—Death—The last resting-place—The judgment of some contemporaries

THE news of his impending elevation to the Cardinalate reached Newman at the Oratory early in 1879 by rumour; and in March a letter from Cardinal Manning, giving an all but official message to that effect from the Pope, put an end to the "suspense" he said he felt while the news seemed to be known to everybody, but to him had never been formally announced. His was not the attitude of St Bonaventura, who looked up from washing dishes in the kitchen to tell the Pope's messengers to hang up the hat in the passage. It was no bauble to Newman, whose respect for authority was the mainspring of his Anglican as of his Catholic life, and gave a value, in his eyes, to a recognition from the Father of Christendom. It was a seal set upon his fidelity by Leo XIII, who was wont to refer to him affectionately as "my Cardinal." It closed controversies which, while they lasted, had been sometimes hot and always disturbing; vexed questions about an Oratorian establishment at Oxford; about the opportuneness of the Vatican Council's definition; about the dogmatism of Dr Ward and the

A LAST PORTRAIT

*Photographed by Father Anthony Pollen, of the Oratory*

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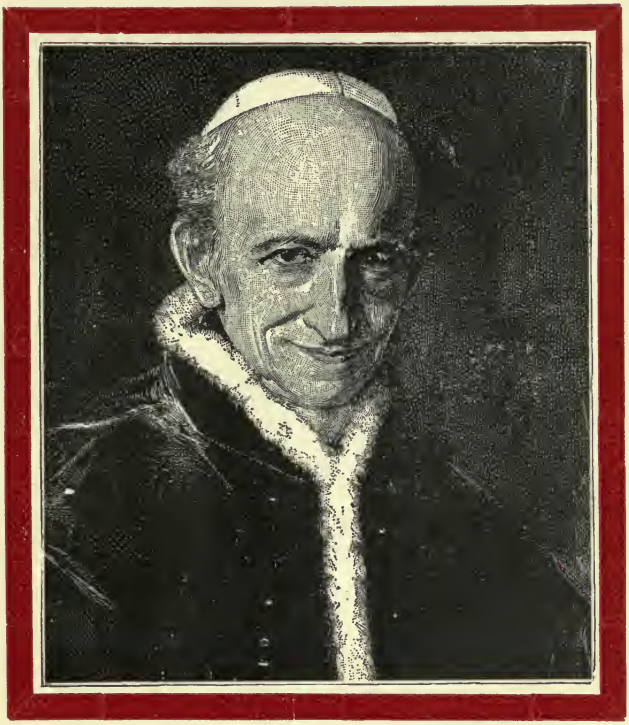
*Dublin Review;* about Newman's general sympathy with Lord Acton and those other truth-loving writers in the suspected *Rambler*, to whom Abbot Gasquet has since rendered the justice that was their due. Moreover, it was a pledge of good will from a quarter which, by rewarding him so highly, practically imposed silence on the old opponents. "They are all on my side now," said the aged Cardinal with a smile: a smile which had no poor human triumphing in it, but an added indulgent sweetness.

Pusey, like other Anglican friends, did not quite understand how much the Hat meant, when he wrote to Newman to congratulate him on his having the offer and on his alleged refusal of it. Writing later, Pusey said: "His still life in the Oratory at Birmingham had been an ideal to me. However, dear Newman thought that it would have been ungrateful in him towards those who had been at the pains to obtain this honour for him, and he accepted it, though he himself preferred obscurity. . . Nothing has or can come between my deep love for John Henry Newman." In truth the old, "still life in the Oratory" was not broken, when once the new Cardinal had been in Rome and received his hat, choosing *Cor ad cor loquitur* as his motto and St George in Velabro as his titular church. It was the same still life, and the old retiring John Henry Newman; but it was the life crowned with the only glory he sought, the approbation of the living

Church: a glory which, like the "harrowing praise" in one of Coventry Patmore's heavenly *Odes*, humbles even while it exalts.

It remained for Dr Döllinger to say that Newman's elevation showed that "his real views are not known at Rome," adding that "several of his works, had he written in French, Italian or Latin, would have found a place on the 'Index.'" This opinion was printed and shown to Newman, who wrote: "It has pained me very much as manifesting a soreness and want of kindness for me which I did not at all suppose he felt. It makes one smile to suppose that Romans, of all men in the world, are wanting in acuteness, or that there are not quite enough men in the world who would be ready to convict me of heterodoxy if they could."

Back to Birmingham he came, after weariness in Rome, in July, 1879. "To come home again!" he said to the flock who gathered to meet him. "In that word 'home' how much is included! I know well that there is a more heroic life than a home-life. We know St Paul's touching words in which he says he is an outcast. We know, too, that our Blessed Lord had not where to lay His head. But the idea of home is consecrated to us by St Philip, who made it the very essence of his religious institute. Therefore I do indeed feel pleasure in coming home again." A few visits of a few days' duration through the ten remaining and declining years were the only



POPE LEO XIII

*Who raised Newman to the Red, and called him proudly "My Cardinal"*

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absences from Edgbaston, except the stays at Rednal, the country-house of the Oratorians.

The end came at last quickly. There had been little illnesses; and the failure of strength was so apparent that it seemed as if a breath or a movement would extinguish the faint spark. On one of these days he asked some of the Fathers to come in and play or sing to him Father Faber's hymn of *The Eternal Years*. When they had done so once, he made them repeat it, and this several times. "Many people," he said, "speak well of my *Lead, kindly Light*, but this is far more beautiful. Mine is of a soul in darkness—this of the eternal light." Into that light he wakened up on Monday evening, August 11, 1890, in the ninetieth year of his age.

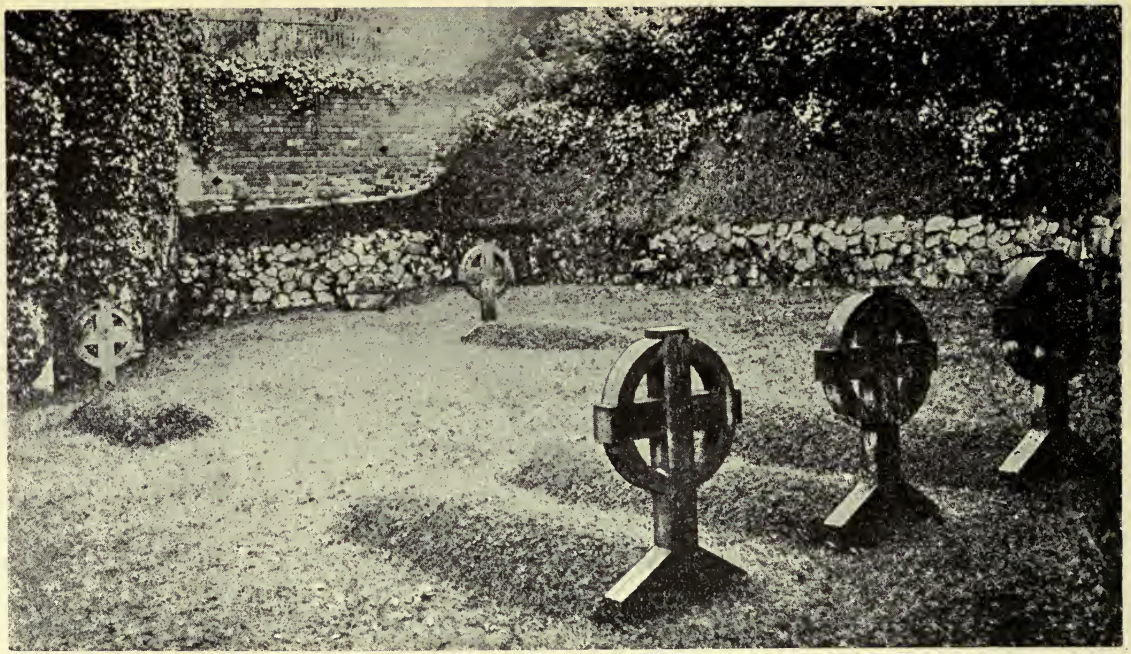
It was impossible on the day of the funeral—a day also of fruition—not to think of that other day at Littlemore, when he entered the fold on earth which is one with the fold in heaven. Above and between the solemn chants, I was haunted by the words which the dear voice of "A Young Convert" has said, and which older converts say in measure, on their day of reception into the Church:

> Who knows what days I answer for to-day?
> Giving the bud, I give the flower. I bow
> This yet unfaded and a faded brow.
> Bending these knees, and feeble knees, I pray.
> Thoughts yet unripe in me I turn one way;
> Give one repose to pain I know not now;
> One leaven to joy that comes I guess not how.
> I dedicate my fields when spring is grey.

O rash (I smile) to pledge my hidden wheat!
I fold to-day, at altars far apart,
Hands trembling with what toils? In their retreat
I sign my love to come, my folded art.
I light the tapers at my head and feet,
And lay the crucifix on this silent heart.

Well had John Henry Newman's forty-five years of Catholic life answered to the great act of the eighth of October, 1845. To the Catholic Church indeed he came, not in the bud, but in full flower of his maturity. At its altars how faithfully knelt the knees, at first firm, but at last feeble with the weight of ninety years! Nor was he once disappointed, during all those forty-five years, of the "repose" he had invoked at Littlemore for coming pain. At "altars far apart"—in London, in Rome, in Dublin, above all, at Birmingham—he had folded "hands trembling with what toils"; and in that safe shelter he had been surrounded by his dearest friends, and had practised the art of the penman in full perfection. And now, at last, were lighted those tapers at his head and feet; and now was that crucifix laid upon his silent heart. His life was one of an unbroken continuity of piety. The forty-five years since he first faced that final scene seemed now but a moment in the wonderful dream. The seal had been set on that October day for ever and ever, and no man could break it. By that day, eternity itself was tinged.

At Rednal he was laid to rest by loving hands. His grave he shares with Ambrose St John, who



NEWMAN'S GRAVE AT REDNAL

*The middle grave of the three in a row is that of the Cardinal*

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died in 1875, and in whose memory Newman planted the now spreading bed of St John's wort down one side of the small enclosure. They loved each other in life; in death they are not divided. On either side is a grave—that of Father Edward Caswall, and that of Father J. Gordon. Two other graves were there: that of Robert Boland, who died while a novice; and that of a son of Father Pope—an Oratorian after the death of his wife. Thus, as is fitting in presence of the ashes of that human heart, do tender relationships cling like flowers to the grave of Newman.

Even the dust of a woman lies in that last resting-place of celibacy: Frances Wootten, widow of the Oxford doctor who attended the inmates of the monastery at Littlemore; she who had followed Newman, first into the Church, and then to Birmingham to be the Matron, the Vice-Mother, at the Oratory School. And other words shall leave him in association with women. He, who gave himself to none, belonged to all, becoming the tender father and helper to many of that sex which intimately entered into the life of a St Paul by Damaris, of a St Francis de Sales by Madame de Chantal. Among the flowers sent to Rednal were two wreaths, one of which bore the name of a woman who offered it "to the most dear memory of Cardinal Newman, who has been benefactor, guide and counsellor through life." Another garland came from the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, as "a tribute of respect

to a great Englishman, whose beauty of life shed its light of purity over his own century, but belongs to all ages."

To the dulled ears of some of his contemporaries the voice of Newman conveyed no message, his prose no music. Carlyle said his brain was that "of a medium-sized rabbit." To one Prime Minister he was an enigma, to another a blunderer, to a third a great soul astray. Lord John Russell spoke with the commonly accepted word in 1851 when he alluded in Parliament to "a person of great eminence, of great learning, of great talents, whom we all have to deplore as having left the Protestant Church—I mean Mr Newman." Lord Beaconsfield lamented Newman's secession for the sake of the Young England Movement, which had much in common with the Oxford Movement, and which transformed political, as the other transformed religious, conventions. He spoke of it as a "blunder" and as dealing a blow under which, a quarter of a century later, the Anglican Church still reeled. Gladstone, alike by what Newman called his "deeply religious" mind and by his personal love for Oxford and personal association with Newman, spoke more understandingly. "Of this most remarkable man I must pause to speak a word. In my opinion his secession from the Church of England has never yet [1875] been estimated among us at anything like the full amount

of its calamitous importance. It has been said that the world does not know its greatest men; neither, I will add, is it aware of the power and weight carried by the words and by the acts of those among its greatest men, whom it does not know. The ecclesiastical historian will perhaps hereafter judge that this secession was a much greater event than even the partial secession of John Wesley, the only case of personal loss suffered by the Church of England since the Reformation that can be at all compared with it in magnitude."

Gladstone goes on to express a fear as to the influence which this exodus of Newman's from the Establishment may exert upon "the state of positive belief and the attitude and capacities of the religious mind of England. Of this, thirty years ago he had the leadership; an office of power from which none but himself could eject him. It has been his extraordinary, perhaps unexampled case, at a critical period first to give to the religious thought of his time and country the most powerful impulse which for a long time it had received from any individval; and then to be the main, though without doubt involuntary, cause of disorganizing it in a manner as remarkable, and breaking up its pieces into a multitude of not only severed but conflicting bands." History will offer no confirmation of this view. Newman will stand as a restorer, not a destroyer, of paths, even for those who did not follow him all along the road to Rome. Every year since he wrote it has left unfulfilled, has

even falsified, the prediction that was part perhaps of Mr Gladstone's idiosyncrasy. It was his habit of mind to believe that those who parted from him were opening the floodgates. I heard him, in a conversation at the time of the Home Rule split, declare with energetic menace that Mr Chamberlain's secession rendered powerless the hand—even Gladstone's own—which alone had kept in check the hordes of anarchy—he paused in his house at Buckingham Gate as though listening for the sound of their ominous approaching tread.

Another Prime Minister knelt in secrecy and silence by the coffin of Cardinal Newman in Birmingham; for that influence, so prevailing while he lived, extended in strength and in range after his death. And it has been the same with his writings. To them, among all the literature of the nineteenth century, John Morley, man of Letters and also minister of State, who approaches with no sympathy of convictions the theme treated, has assigned a priority for excellence of style. Despite petty faults of grammar or of collocation and sometimes a vagueness in the realization of imagery—little lapses to catch but not really distract the attention of the ever captious reviewer—the prose of Newman, by the common consent of fastidious critics, is one of the greater literary glories of the Victorian era. It will endure for ever; and Mr Gladstone was a man of little faith in literature—of little faith in a Providence that overrules—if he did not feel in it the

power to carry its own majestic message long after the clash of current controversy dies down—"I want to make you anxious about your souls."

But it is with the name of a poet, the only one of the Victorian converts to the Church with a vision in literature transcending his own, that I shall end my list of the lovers of Newman—even as in a procession the greatest figure is the last:

> Sweetly the light
> Shines from the solitary peak at Edgbaston,

sang Coventry Patmore, who understood that even the polemical disputant had "peace in heart" if "wrath in hand," and that in his most trenchant moods he but displayed "the gold blazonries of love irate," never "the black flag of hate."

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